The Outlook

MAY 17, 1922

PERSONAL LIBERTY? YES—BUT THE SALOON? NEVER

PROHIBITION is a legitimate subject for argument. In a democracy no question of government is beyond the reach of debate. Although prohibition is established not only by statutes but by the Constitution, there is no reason why any citizen who thinks that it is worth his while may not do all he can to advocate the legalizing of the liquor trade. He has the same right to urge unrestricted trade in opiates and poisons. He may argue for the repeal of any law or any Constitutional provision.

In the exercise of this right, the New York branch of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment called a meeting at Madison Square Garden recently.

If the people of the metropolis are as discontented with prohibition as some of the anti-prohibitionists seem to think, if they are chafing under what they regard as a tyrannous outrage upon their freedom, they did not use this occasion to show it. Preparations had been made, not only to accommodate an audience to fill the big structure, but also to enable any crowd that might pack Madison Square itself to hear the speeches by means of amplifiers. The evening, however, was rainy, and, under that circumstance, New York's sense of outrage was not keen enough to send out an audience that would even quite fill the huge Garden.

What seemed to surprise the reporters from the press was apparently the decent character of the audience. It was not an assemblage of roughnecks. The speakers were James Speyer, former Congressman E. W. Gray, Hudson Maxim, Samuel Gompers, and James P. Holland, President of the New York State Federation of Labor.

Most of the arguments were those already made familiar by public discussion and innumerable private conversations. Prohibition was "put over" when the people were engrossed in the war and the boys were fighting overseas; it interferes with personal liberty; it is a sumptuary law, dictating to people what they shall drink; it is the product of hypocrisy, as proved by the fact that some men who voted for prohibition get drunk; it was passed because legislators are cowardly and are afraid of their constituents; it was put through by the bulldozing tactics of the Anti-Saloon League; it is the precursor of other laws which fanatics and ascetics would foist upon the people, such as laws against drinking tea and smoking tobacco; it makes it impossible for the workingman to get his beer, but leaves it possible for a rich man, either by bribery or by a provident accumulation of liquor, to continue his habit of drinking spirits; it fosters corruption by putting a premium upon liquor so that it is worth while for men to take chances in violating the law; it has brought into existence an army of "bung smellers and cellar weasels" as the agents of the "priesthood of prohibition;" it is costing the Nation an enormous amount in loss of revenue and in enforcement; it has diverted men from legal employment to the illegal business of bootlegging; it has turned thousands of homes into miniature distilleries and breweries; it has infected the people with a spirit of lawlessness by bringing all law into contempt; it has actually increased drunkenness; it has already been repealed by the people through their refusal to obey the law; it has introduced into the Constitution, which ought to be a charter embodying general principles, specific legislation which is the province of statute law. First on the list of objectives which these anti-prohibitionists desire to reach is the repeal or radical modification of the Volstead Law. In their opinion, this law is far more restrictive than even the Federal amendment warrants. Ultimately they hope, or say they hope, to secure the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment itself. Almost unanimously (at least as far as the open public argument would indicate) they disavow any intent of bringing back into existence the saloon. No one seems ready to befriend this discredited, disgraced, disreputable, ostracized institution.

SOME GRAINS OF SALT FOR THE WET ARGUMENT

THOSE who think that they can secure a Congress that will pass an amendment repealing the Eighteenth Amendment by a two-thirds vote of each House and that they can then persuade three-quarters of the States of the Union to approve by legislative enactment this repealing amendment are welcome to try. If they succeed, we do not imagine that there will be many who will seriously complain that the repeal was put over while the people were thinking about something else—baseball, for instance, in which, as everybody knows, the people can become much engrossed. The fact is that hypocrisy is not a monopoly of the virtuous or the puritanical. Many of the arguments of those who are against prohibition are quite as disingenuous as anything to be heard on the other side.

When the prohibition amendment was before Congress, we expressed our disapproval of its form. We were not in favor of an amendment making prohibition mandatory; we were in favor of an amendment placing prohibitory legislation within the powers delegated to Congress. We are not at all satisfied that the Volstead Law, designed to enforce the provisions of the amendment, is in all respects wise or practicable. We should have liked to see a different form of amendment in the Constitution and a different law on the statute-books. We think the time may come before long when the law may be modified, but we see no prospect of ever changing the amendment. Whether people like the law and the amendment or not, however, has nothing whatever to do with the question whether they shall obey it or not. They are bound to obey it or else be willing to take the consequence that comes to rebels.

To object to a law because there are some people who break it is to object to all law. Laws are meant for those who but for the penalties in the laws would do what they forbid. Minorities who do not conform to the public will as expressed in law, and excuse themselves merely because they do not like to be forbidden to do what they want to do, have the psychology of the criminal.

To hear some of the anti-prohibitionists argue that they want prohibition repealed, but protest that they do not want the saloon back, is a temptation to cynicism. Was it they that banished the saloon? Is it anything but prohibition that keeps the saloon out of business to-day? Until the anti-prohibitionists who are against the saloon have some practical proposal for doing with the saloon what prohibition has done their protestations will not carry much weight. As a matter of fact, we are much inclined to believe that nine-tenths of those who want to do away with prohibition would welcome the return of the saloon, and they ought to have the courage to say so. Of course the argument about tea and tobacco can hardly be accepted as anything but a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hoax or a joke. Neither tea nor tobacco has been a partner of prostitution, and political corruption, and insanity, and other evils which undermine society, as alcoholism has been. The arguments about personal liberty may also be taken with many grains of salt. Every such argument is as valid against the legal restriction of the use of narcotic drugs and habit-forming poisons. The sort of personal liberty idealized in these anti-prohibition meetings is possible only on a desert island.

When the critics of the present prohibition law abandon the arguments that repeat the familiar defenses of the habitual criminal, and when they confine their arguments to the real weaknesses of the law as it stands, they will get a hearing that they fail to get now.

SNOOK'S CORNERS SETS AN EXAMPLE

We do not know where Snook's Corners is, but it is somewhere in New York State; it is a real place, and it is apparently a small village. Its name deserves to be known everywhere because its boys and girls, and men also, have set a noteworthy example in the matter of local reforestation, and have also given their reasons for doing this in one of the best statements on the subject we have ever seen. It is sent to us by a friend as it appears in an Amsterdam paper.

The thing started with the movement to stimulate interest in the rural school. The result was that the scholars were excused from their studies and assisted in planting two thousand white-pine trees across the road from the school. The purposes of the work are thus stated:

> (1) To provide a permanent windbreak for the school; (2) to do away eventually with the enormous snowdrift which accumulates nearly every year in the road and yard by the school; (3) to add potential value to the district; (4) to set an example of reforestation and to place before other communities the desirability of such local betterments.

This kind of thing is being done in many places, but Snook's Corners, so far as we know, is the first to suggest that every rural school should start a community forest. The need in New York State is evident when we remember that it has seven million acres of waste and unprofitable land which needs reforestation.

Remarkable things have been done by larger communities in the same direction. Nebraska has a fine record in this respect. An especially interesting and ambitious plan is to be carried out by the State of Massachusetts in the town of Carver, where the State owns an eight-thousand-acre tract suitable for woodland. It is called the Myles Standish Reservation. Here it is proposed to plant the enormous number of eight million pine trees.

Such systematic efforts by States, towns, schools, and individuals afford a promising indication of what all who have studied the subject know is a prime necessity for this country. It is to be hoped that not only planting of forests, but that the planting of trees in cities and towns in places where they will grow, will be urged, so that the beauty of our residence streets shall increase and not, as is now too often the case, deteriorate.

A FEDERAL HUNTING LICENSE

The wise conservationist seeks both to utilize and preserve. The principle of utilization, as well as preservation, underlies a bill now before Congress which provides for public shooting grounds and game refuges.

The bill begins by requiring a Federal license for all those who shall at any time hunt migratory birds. It provides that such licenses shall be issued and the fees collected through the several postmasters in the United States. It provides that the money collected for these licenses shall be covered into a special fund, not less than forty-five per cent of which shall be used for the purchase or rental of public shooting grounds and migratory bird refuges. An additional forty-five per cent is to be used for enforcing the provisions of the migratory bird treaty with Canada, for scientific investigations of bird life and administration purposes. Ten per cent of the license money is to be used to repay the initial $50,000 which the bill would appropriate for starting the work.

There are many admirable provisions in the bill (doubtless a copy of it can be secured by any one who writes to the American Game Protective Association, 233 Broadway, New York City) which we shall not go into here.

The right of the Federal Government to control the killing of migratory birds has already been established. This bill (Senate 1452, H. R. 5823) would enable the Federal Government to carry out a constructive programme within the bounds of this right which would be of far-reaching advantage to all those interested in the preservation of game.

States, such as Pennsylvania, have demonstrated clearly the value of game refuges. States, such as New Jersey, have already demonstrated how much can be done by the application of license fees to the improvement of shooting and fishing conditions. This bill would carry into the National field principles and plans the value of which has already been thoroughly demonstrated. It is heartily to be commended.

THE MOUNTAIN WHITES

In the mountain counties of eight Southern States live some three million people. They remain nine-tenths Anglo-Saxon pioneer stock, perhaps the purest blood in America to-day. From this stock sprang Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln.

But the population has been strangely illiterate, though now, as improved educational facilities are made available, the percentage of illiteracy is being gratifyingly lessened. The improved facilities are seen in the better-trained teachers, longer scholastic terms, and especially in the larger and more suitable school and college buildings.

Prominent educational institutions in this region are Berea College, at Berea, Kentucky, and Lincoln Memorial University, at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee.

The Outlook has often called attention to the noble work at Berea. Sixty-six years old, the College now owns some six thousand acres of campus, farm, and forest land, on which are located over forty buildings. A staff of 143 workers instructs its 2,700 students. Berea gives practically free tuition to its students, furnishes rooms with light and heat at 60 cents a week, and board at 11 cents a meal, but it costs $114 more a year to educate each student than the student pays into the treasury. Every student does some manual labor and is paid according to its value. Whether the boys or girls of the mountains desire to study agriculture, carpentry, sanitation, domestic science, nursing, home-making, typewriting, stenography, or whether they want a direct college course, the chance is theirs, as is also the chance for grown men and women to learn the "Three Rs," in a region where the illiteracy percentage has broken all records.

Turning southward, we find at Cumberland Gap a smaller but similar institution, chartered twenty-five years ago, in response to Lincoln's expressed hope to have an educational institution in the region from which he came. Cumberland Gap is located where Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia come together. The University bearing Lincoln's name has now nearly 750 students; its Faculty exceeds 30 members; it has a large number of college buildings, and a campus, farm, and forest aggregating almost three thousand acres. Lincoln has three units: first, the Opportunity School, devoted to elementary education (age is no bar to entrance in this department, many over thirty years old having matriculated to make up the work they should have had at thirteen); second, that of high school and preparatory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USE CAREFUL WATCH, CHOOSE TRUSTY SENTINELS

(King Richard III, Act V, Scene 3)

Racey in the Montreal Daily Star

THE RICH MAN AND THE KNOTHOLE

The Only Nation Outside—"Why pay to go in when I shall reap all the benefit of their hard work outside here without stirring a finger?"

From Clarence W. Culver, Chicago, Ill.

Bushnell for the Central Press Association

THE "BUFFER" STATE

Thomas in the Detroit News

GREAT IDEA NO HALL RENT- NO BRASS BAND EXPENSE AND WE USE THE GOVERNMENT OUTFIT FOR NOTHING
I WAS AFRAID TO GO HOME, BUT NOW THEY CANT HECKLE ME
WE WONT HAVE TO BUY
THAT GLORIOUS FLAG-EMBLEM OF-ETC-ETC-
U.S. OFFICIAL RADIO

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE ARE CAMPAIGNING BY RADIO—Washington Despatch

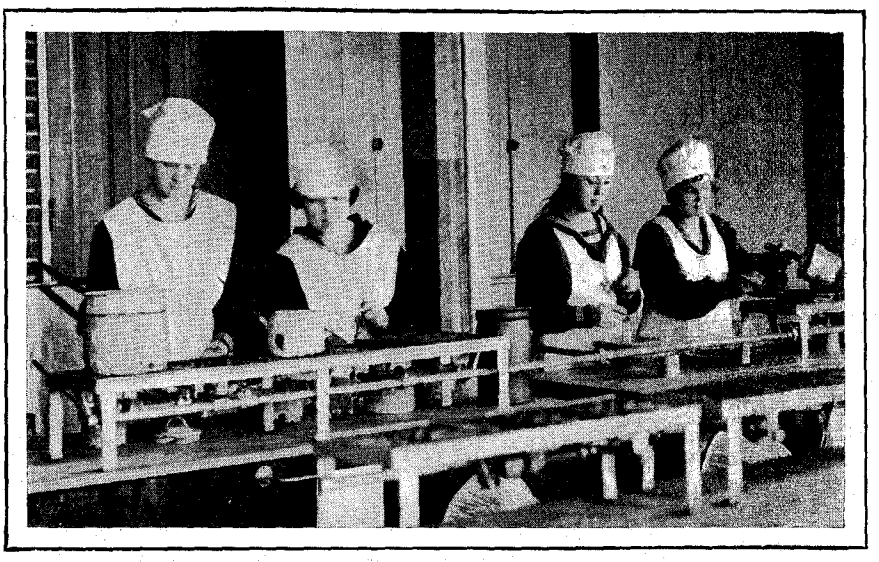
Darling in the New York Tribune

Copyright, 1922, New York Tribune, Inc.

ANYBODY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HIT AN ELEPHANT, BUT IT'S GETTING IT HOME AFTERWARD THAT COUNTS

From Ella Pier, Upper Red Hook, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS AT BEREA

To promote home-making is one of the efforts of the institution

courses; and, third, that of the college department. In addition there are practical courses in agriculture, forestry, animal husbandry, and industry. Most of the Lincoln students earn all or a substantial part of their education by working on the University farms, in its forests, its dairy, its shops, or about its buildings and grounds.

Both Berea and Lincoln lack dormitory room. With it Lincoln would easily be a school of at least a thousand students and Berea one of at least thirty-two hundred. The opportunity to the intelligent benefactor is evident.

A NOTABLE AMERICAN

PROBABLY John Henry Patterson, who died suddenly on a train on May 7, secured the approval and respect of his countrymen far more by his humane and efficient efforts to organize relief at the time of the Dayton floods than by his remarkable success and ability in founding a business of vast magnitude. At the time of the Dayton floods of 1913 a special correspondent, Mr. Arthur Ruhl, sent out by The Outlook to report the facts, said: "What Dayton might have done without John H. Patterson and the highly trained and flexible organization, the keen, taut, loyal force which surrounds him, can only be a matter of speculation, inasmuch as 'The Cash,' as they familiarly speak of it in Dayton, was for days the stricken city's brain, nerves, almost its food and drink."

Another human and social side of Mr. Patterson's work is seen in the measures he took to bring about in his great plant right working conditions and human relationships. What he did in this direction was described in The Outlook by its industrial correspondent, Mr. Sherman Rogers (issue of August 25, 1920), in an illustrated article entitled "Putting Heart Into Work."

Mr. Patterson did not invent the cash register which made him famous, but with his brother purchased existing patent rights. He then organized the National Cash Register Company, bought still other patents, and from that time (1884) up to his retirement last year, this new industry, as it practically was, grew rapidly to enormous proportions.

The National Cash Register Company and its officers some years ago were indicted on charges of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and evidence much to the discredit of the company as to selling methods and attempts to injure rivals was brought forward. On appeal to the United States Supreme Court the conviction of the company's officials was not sustained, largely because of the Court's interpretation of the criminal clauses of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and its view that evidence was admitted that should have been excluded. The comment of The Outlook at the time was that "if bad practices are to be curbed, it ought not to be by straining the word monopoly in criminal proceedings, but by giving power and effectiveness to the Federal Trade Commission for the prevention of unfairness in business."

HENRY P. DAVISON

THE romance of American business has rarely been more strikingly illustrated than in the career of Henry P. Davison, whose death ten days ago followed an operation for a tumor on the brain.

A little more than thirty years ago he came to New York City an unknown young bank clerk from a country town and on the strength of his unusual personality and his persistence got a position as a teller in the Astor Place Bank, a newly organized State institution which some years afterwards was absorbed by the Corn Exchange Bank. He was so elated by the honorable possibilities of his new position that—he used to tell the story himself—he went to the theater before returning to his home in a small Connecticut city and, turning to the man sitting beside him, said, "Do you know who I am?" "No," said the astonished stranger. "I am the paying teller of a New York bank!" exclaimed Davison. It happened that the bank of which he was first receiving and then paying teller was the bank in which the account of The Outlook was kept, and there are several members of its staff who recall with pleasure the imperturbable but friendly courtesy and confidence-inspiring efficiency of the young teller. He made his mark and attracted the notice of leaders in his profession. He was repeatedly promoted; became the cashier and then the president of one of the smaller but important downtown banks; was then called to the First National Bank, and from there was invited by J. Pierpont Morgan to become one of his junior partners. His genius for organization and administration was early recognized, and this gift combined with high integrity and with a desire to serve society gave him a very wide and varied influence.

When the war broke out, he threw himself into the work of organization both on the financial and on the human side. He became Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross, and in that capacity had to deal with the greatest humanitarian problem that civilized society has probably ever had to solve. He left his business, went to Washington and established his quarters, and made more than one trip to Europe. Some of the time he visited

(C) Harris & Ewing

HENRY P. DAVISON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fighting front, where on one occasion his life was endangered. His distinguished service as the chief administrative officer of the Red Cross brought him honors and decorations from all the Allied Governments.

We do not recall the death of any private American citizen during the last decade which has elicited more genuine tributes of both sorrow and admiration from so wide a circle of friends and associates. Not only do these tributes come from his fellow-financiers but from men of science and letters. For example, Dr. William Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, said: "I rejoice in the pride in having engaged the association and friendship of Mr. Davison, in the memory of his fine qualities, and in his benefactions and achievements." Dr. John H. Finley, formerly the Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, who was associated with Mr. Davison in the Red Cross work during the war, said: "No words can tell you my sorrow over the loss of my beloved comrade in the greatest of crusades." Henry Fairfield Osborn, the head of the American Museum of Natural History, said: "The American Museum is deeply indebted to his intelligence and devoted service of many years as its treasurer."

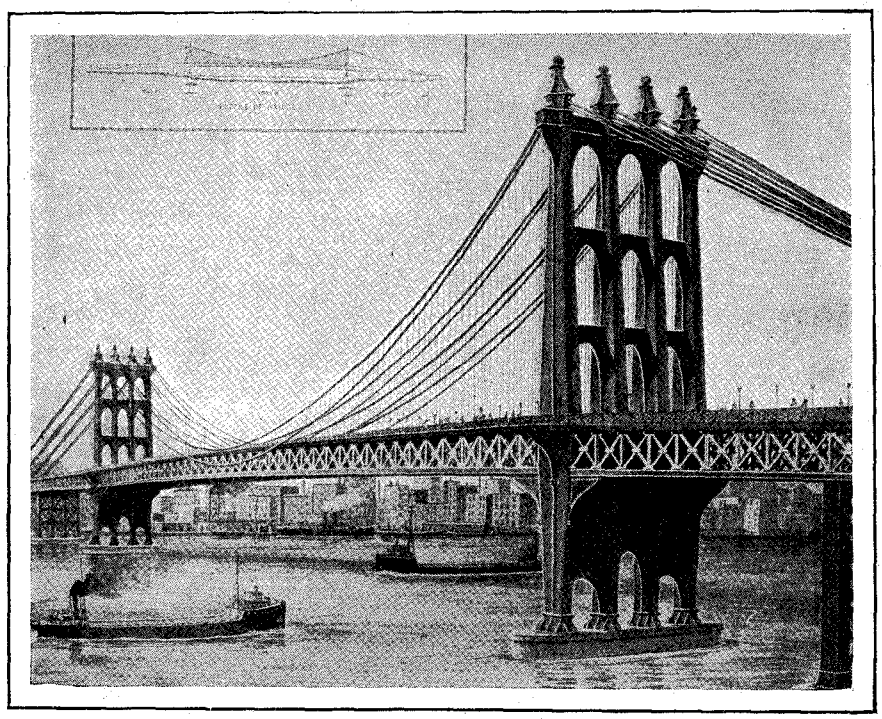
Mr. Davison made a very handsome fortune during his short and active life—short because he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. But he made much more than a fortune. He impressed himself upon the constructive financial and industrial life of the country in a way which confirms the judgment of Henri Bergson, the distinguished French philosopher, who said after a visit to this country that he found that the Americans did not worship the almighty dollar, as they are sometimes said to, but that they regard the dollar as the unit of measure of achievement and service.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE

CANADA and the United States are about to be connected by the longest and largest single-span suspension bridge in the world. It will cross the Detroit River at Detroit.

Construction work has been started by C. E. Fowler, chief engineer of the project. A joint Canadian-American company, authorized by the Dominion Parliament and by Congress, has been organized to build the bridge.

The bridge's span is to be 1,803 feet, 203 feet longer than that of the Williamsburg Bridge. The weight of the bridge and approaches will be 107,000 tons. Six of the enormous cables are to be twenty-one inches in diameter. The lower deck will contain four electrified railway tracks. The upper, or highway, deck will be 97 feet wide, with two roadways carrying six lanes of traffic, two sidewalks, and two trolley tracks. The clearance above the river level will be 110 feet. The steel arched portals will give a towering architectural effect as impressive as that of the Woolworth Building.



DETROIT RIVER BRIDGE AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

Railway trains, which are now ferried laboriously across the river, will go over the bridge under their own power.

THE TURN OF THE BALANCE AT GENOA

RECENT despatches from Genoa are not such as to enable us to judge the merits of the issue which has ranged France and Belgium on one side, and Britain and Italy on the other. Evidently France and Belgium want more safeguards placed about the property rights of foreigners in Russia than are demanded in the note which other Powers have presented to the Russian Bolsheviki. It is reported that these demands were drafted by three experts—one French, one Belgian, and one British—and that they have been presented in the name of most of the Powers gathered in Genoa. Britain evidently is apparently willing to make some concessions to the Communists which France, and particularly Belgium, believe to be dangerous for the future stability of international commerce, and even the institution of private property. Britain needs trade as a reviving force for her own prosperity so much that she is willing to take some chances. Belgium, on the other hand, needs for her own prosperity the thorough safeguarding of property rights, and France is supporting Belgium.

As the Chairman of the Belgian delegation pointed out, Belgians have invested several hundred millions of dollars in Russian industries, and in consequence have owned many factories, producing a vast proportion of the foundry output, the steel rails, the chemical products, the glass tableware, and the window glass of Russia. What Belgium wants is to have Russia acknowledge that these industries belong to Belgians. Apparently Britain is willing to recognize the right of the Russian Government to seize these properties without the consent of the owners, but asks Russia to pay the Belgians (and other foreigners) that have claims to such properties. The Bolshevist attitude seems to be summed up in the phrase, "Heads I win, tails you lose." The Bolsheviki argue that since the Bolshevist Government recognizes no right of private property, Russia owes the foreigners nothing; while since other governments recognize the right of private property, they owe the claims made by Russians upon them. According to one report, the French are ready to concede the right of Russia to seize property for the use of the Government but not for the purpose of selling it to the highest bidder. As we go to press the Conference was awaiting the Bolsheviki's answer to the demands presented to them.

It is conceivable that the Russian answer may be such as to leave this issue acute as between France and Britain; but it is expected in some quarters that Russia's answer will be satisfactory neither to Britain nor to France. Of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course it is to the interest of Russia as well as Germany to drive as many wedges as possible between the Allies, and the Russians are acute enough to know that the interest of the Bolshevist Government lies in playing upon England's need for international trade.

Everything that has happened has given Americans reasons for gratification that they are not represented at Genoa. It is, for example, obvious that the very discussion which has been going on would not have been possible if the Powers were sticking closely to the conditions which they laid down when the Genoa Conference was called; for all this discussion is really a debate as to how far they shall depart from those conditions. If the American Government were represented at Genoa, it would either have to abandon its policy with regard to Russia, which is hardly conceivable, as it has been followed by both the Wilson and the Harding Administrations and is based on fundamental American ideas of what constitutes honor and credit in business, as well as good faith in government, or else it would have to take the side of France and Belgium in a question which is essentially European, and involves European international politics.

As to threats or warnings of the break-up of the Entent, there seems little reasonable ground for fear. It is inconceivable that Lloyd George would consent to any arrangement that would lead Britain to abandon France for the sake of establishing relations with the Bolshevist Government of Russia. Even some of the Germans, as indicated by the comments of a German financial paper, realize that Russia in her present condition has no source of strength for any other nation, for by her Bolshevist Government she has, as the Bourse "Courier" says, been reduced to a "scrap-heap."

WU WINS

In the game played between the Manchurian general, Chang, and the general of certain northern Chinese provinces, Wu, for the control of what they both call Chinese unification, General Wu has turned out to be the victor.

Some attribute Chang's defeat to the failure of Sun Yat-sen, the leader of the so-called liberals of the south, to fulfill his promise of attacking Wu from the south while Chang was attacking from the north.

Such military assistance on the part of Sun seemed to us to be very problematical because of the difficulties of railway transportation. Chang could scarcely have relied on such aid. He evidently believed himself to be strong enough alone to secure the upper hand. Whether, however, he counted on Sun's help and was disappointed, or relied on his own resources and was overconfident, in either case he failed. His troops were put to rout. Most of them are reported as wandering about, harrying the land and committing murder and devastation.

According to information we have received, the victorious general, or super-Tuchun, Wu Pei-fu, had the sympathy of the Christian missionaries in China. This sympathy is attributed in part to the fact that one of the generals under Wu is himself a Christian and is known as the "Christian General."

If there was any real issue, vital to the development of China or of concern to the outside world, between these two super-Tuchuns, it has not been made clear to us. In fact, so long as all Chinese government except local or village government is dominated by Chinese military governors, these Tuchuns and super-Tuchuns, it is hard to see how any great progress can be made toward the establishment of that kind of order in the Far East which will enable other nations to treat China on terms of equality.

MR. BEVERIDGE'S VICTORY

If Senator Reed, of Missouri, is renominated in the Democratic primaries as candidate for re-election to the Senatorship, the result will be obviously a defeat for ex-President Wilson. There can be no question about this, because Mr. Wilson has written open letters advocating Mr. Reed's defeat, calling him a "marplot," and making it plain that if the Democrats of Missouri wish to stand by him they must keep Mr. Reed out of the Senate. In this case the issue is drawn clearly and is unmistakable.

No such issue was evident in the Republican Senatorial primaries in Indiana. Naturally, Democratic leaders and organs would like to think that the failure of Senator H. S. New to secure the nomination at the hands of the Republican voters of his State is a sign of a revolt against the Administration of President Harding. They have so interpreted it. The New York "World," for example, declares without qualification that "the Republican voters of Indiana have repudiated the Harding Administration." It is true that Senator New is a personal friend of the President and has proved to be one of his most loyal political supporters. It is true that in many respects Mr. Harding and Mr. New have long belonged in the same group within their party, that neither of them has ever seemed restive under restraints of party authority, that they have had congenial interests as newspaper men and as Senators, and that President Harding has made no secret of his confidence in Senator New. That the President desired Mr. New's renomination is, however, purely a matter of inference. There is no evidence, and no claim on the part of any one that there is evidence, that Mr. Harding either as an individual or as President undertook to exert the slightest influence in the primaries in Indiana. Whatever lesson the Indiana primaries have for the Administration, it is not the lesson of an open defeat.

There is nevertheless a lesson there for the Administration and for all party leaders.

That lesson consists, not so much in the fact that votes were cast against New, as that they were cast for Beveridge.

Albert Jeremiah Beveridge was born almost sixty years ago on an Ohio farm. From there his family moved to Illinois. His boyhood was full of hard work. He followed the plow; worked on the railway; labored as logger and teamster. To an American with a mind and a character such a boyhood is not without promise. It did not prevent young Beveridge from going to high school and to college. He was graduated at De Pauw University, from which he later received the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Laws. He became a lawyer and gained more than a local reputation for oratory. He was soon in demand as a campaign speaker. By the age of thirty-seven he was elected from Indiana to the United States Senate, where he served with conspicuous ability for twelve years.

Before his second term was completed his party, under President Taft, fell into the hands of the reactionaries. The progressive policies for which he had done good service during and immediately after President Roosevelt's Administration were made the object of attack from within the party which had been promoting them. As a consequence the Republican party began to disintegrate, and Indiana, always a doubtful State politically, chose as a successor to Beveridge a Bryan Democrat. The succeeding year was the crucial year of 1912, the birth year of the Progressive party. Like the vast majority of Republicans, Mr. Beveridge joined that party and became one of its leaders. In making his choice he was not swept off his feet by the emotional wave of the time, as were many; he made his choice deliberately and with full knowledge of what it meant. Since that time —ten years it has been—he has been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devoting himself largely to the study of great forces in American history. During his Senatorship he showed on more than one occasion his mastery of American Constitutional law and principles, particularly in his speech in defense of the Child Labor Bill, which embodies one of the most cogent of modern legislative arguments. During the campaign of 1912 he made a speech as Chairman of the Progressive Convention which set forth the principles of the Progressive party as summed up in his telling phrase, "Pass prosperity around." He gave currency, if he did not invent it at that time, to the phrase "the invisible government," which characterized that partnership between crooked business and crooked politics which the Progressive Movement assailed. He approached, therefore, his studies of these forces by no means as a novice; but he has used these ten years with profit both to his own mental growth and to the instruction of his fellow-countrymen; for he has produced during these years his monumental work, "The Life of John Marshall." He has not only been living in mental companionship with the man who more than any other made our written Constitution a thing of life and growth, but he has also by his book given an understanding of our Constitution to Americans who otherwise would have understood but darkly.

From these labors Beveridge went back to Indiana. There he went up and down the State delivering lectures and addresses on those principles of American government which he had been studying and which are essential to the permanence of our institutions. Until he opened his primary campaign he made no political appeals, but he established himself in the minds of the people of his State as a leader of thought, as he has been a leader in action. He preached no new or strange doctrines; he rather gave the old ideas embedded in the American Commonwealth new vitality.

Thus Mr. Beveridge has, by no mere chance, but by continuous labor for principles in which he believed, and even by the sacrifice of public office to scholarship, yet without loss of contact with the lives of his neighbors, identified himself as neither radical nor reactionary, but as what we have come to know in America as a Progressive.

In the reaction against the Wilson Administration, which the voters believed carried internationalism to a point destructive of National independence, and carried progressivism to a point of danger to social and economic stability, the managers of the Republican party may have thought that they saw a reaction against progressivism. If so, they should take warning from what has happened in Indiana. There are signs that the Republicans who are in power have not fully learned the lesson of the last twelve years; that they think that public impatience with red tape in the Civil Service means public approval of the restoration of the spoils system; that public impatience with impractical doctrinaires means public approval of favoritism to special interests; that public repudiation of the political bungler means public approval of the political boss. If the Republican managers are wise, they will rid themselves of such illusions.

Opponents of the bonus have seen in the defeat of Senator New a repudiation of the bonus itself; critics of Senator Newberry have seen in the defeat of Senator New a vindication of their views about funds for election purposes; advocates of this and that find in the defeat of Senator New an indication that their own pet theories are on the crest of the wave. Perhaps there will be some to interpret it as a mandate concerning daylight saving. Elections do not turn on such specific matters as that, except when some great issue is presented on which the minds of all the people are centered. In this case there was no such issue. The conflict was between two types of political thought. The lesson to the Administration and all Republican leaders is that, in a State experienced in politics, victory went to the practical, scholarly Progressive.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE OR INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE?

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, of Kansas, makes a defense of the Kansas Industrial Court in an article lately published in the periodical called "The Nation's Business," which represents the National Chamber of Commerce. What interests us particularly in this article is his assertion that leaders of labor and capital who oppose the act (for the State Federation of Labor and the State Employers' Association denounce it with equal bitterness) misunderstand it in the same way—that is, both suppose its end is to make peace. Mr. White maintains, rightly we think, that all courts are set up to do justice, and to establish peace only as a by-product of justice. Amplifying this thesis as applied to industrial matters, he argues:

> In the labor conflict, as it has progressed during the last two centuries, each settlement has been a truce. The conflict has been constant and irrepressible. The truce or armistice has represented only the degree of fear which one side was able to impress upon the other side to stop the active fighting. Upon the whole, labor has been the winner; but while labor has won much, capital has kept much more, and no principle has been established upon which to reckon what is the right or the wrong in the basic contentions of the war.
>
> Get a plenty while you are getting is the only maxim adduced after two hundred years of strife, with perhaps a codicil; then get ready to get more.
>
> And, by reason of the long tradition and established habit, neither combatant wants the war to end. Neither asks for justice. Each is after peace, enforced peace if necessary, but peace if it can get the best of it; and in times of peace each side prepares for war.

The courts, and especially industrial courts such as that in Kansas, must not, therefore, act merely as arbitrators of quarrels or bargainings, but must establish and define principles of justice as between workers and capitalists in their relations of partnership in production. Essential rights, Mr. White holds, would be based on recognition of such truths as that labor is not a commodity, that wages must be fixed on the basis of decent living for citizens, that the State is entitled to have good citizens fully as much as investors are entitled to good profits. Justice first, peace afterwards, is the contention; or, as Mr. White puts it, "The right to peace depends upon the establishment of justice."

That labor leaders and capitalists are opposed to this view is not surprising; they are captains who want to win. Against their combative instincts stands the right of America to maintain one hundred per cent American standards of living, and the right of the State to an intelligent and contented voter. "The whole miserable business of the armed truce or the open conflict in industry is a tax upon living, a tax which noncombatants must pay."

This view affords an interesting contrast with recent utterances of the leader of American organized labor, Mr. Gompers. The more his recent remarks about the courts and the Constitution are analyzed, the more is it evident that he is out neither for peace nor for justice, but for partisan victory. He might argue that the courts *ought* not to have the right to interpret the Constitution, or that the framers of the Constitution did not so ordain; but that they actually have the right to-day is simply an established fact. We have quoted his exclamation, "God save labor from the courts!" which is morally revolutionary and a totally unjust attack on the integrity of the bench. In a later hearing before the Lockwood Committee, he is quoted as saying that he believed in collective bargaining for employees but not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always for employers. Faced with flagrant instances of corrupt conduct by labor unions and of the breaking of contracts made by them, he flatly refused to see any help in legislation or courts and declared that the remedy lay in gradual reform evolved within the unions. He favored legislation that would give protection to labor, but he would be "afraid for his country" if legislation regulatory of labor was adopted, and believes that wealth controls courts and legislation.

This is straight Bolshevism, philosophically speaking, although Mr. Gompers honestly believes that he is opposed to Russian Bolshevism root and branch. Whatever new forms the industrial question may take and however expansion in the direction of industrial courts may stand the test of constitutionality, it is certain that justice to all and resulting peace to all must be the object in view. That object is far removed from blind insistence by either contending element to have its own way first, last, and all the time.

READING FOR WORKERS

OUR excellent contemporary the "Literary Review of the New York Evening Post" recently published a list of fifty books which have been chosen by the Literary Committee of the "Workers' Education Bureau"—whatever that may be—from two hundred and fifty titles submitted by a group of teachers and professors of literature. The "Literary Review," in presenting this list to its readers, says of it: "Primarily intended to fill the needs of a special group—that of the workers—its general character gives it a range as broad as the interest in good literature."

We turned to this list with great enthusiasm, but turn from it with disappointment. It contains some classics and some excellent examples of modern writing both English and European. Its extraordinary variety—perhaps we may say the extraordinary mixture which it contains—is indicated by the fact that the Book of Matthew and the Book of Job from the English Bible constitute the fifth item on the list and "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser, is the eleventh item. We can understand why workers should read Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," but we do not quite appreciate the value of "Main Street" from the workers' point of view. Workers, whether they be hand workers or brain workers, need not merely facts about life but the inspiration and comfort that come from the ideals of life, and so the Workers' Education Bureau has very wisely put in its list the "Oxford Book of English Verse," Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and John Masefield's poems. But why "Spoon River Anthology" should be recommended to workers tired out and often disheartened by their own problems we fail to understand, for the "Spoon River Anthology," in spite of its occasional power and touches of genius, is one of the most laborious and depressing books of modern times.

The prime object of a list of books for a worker is not, we conceive, to give him a survey of literature, but to help him to understand how other men have lived and how other men have dealt with and solved, or partly solved, the problems of life which he is facing. Being disappointed, from this point of view, with the Workers' Education Bureau's list of fifty books, we took a pencil and paper and jotted down a list of our own without any consideration regarding the relation of the titles to one another. It is a jumpy lot, perhaps; it has no co-ordinated, chronological, synthetic, analytic, nor any other kind of pedagogic merit. But at least it constitutes a list of books which have entertained, interested, and encouraged one worker. So to our list:

"Oxford Lectures on the Civil War," by James Rhodes, a masterpiece in cameo form of American political, military, economic, and social history.

The famous third chapter of Macaulay's "History of England," which gives a vivid and picturesque survey of the conditions of the workers in the period of the great English Revolution of 1688, out of which the United States has got much of its own freedom.

"The Biography of Benvenuto Cellini," which tells how artisans lived in the old days of the Italian republics—a glorified and absorbing dime novel if ever there was one. If the reader wants "sex stuff," he will get it here related with utter candor.

"Mémoires et Récits," by Frédéric Mistral, the great Provençal poet of France, full of delightful stories of French folk lore and French farm life.

"The Poems of Theocritus," translated by Calverley, which will give the worker some idea of the way the husbandman lived in ancient Greece. This little book deserves to be included for one thing alone—a dialogue between two Syracusan women who go out to see a great military parade in Alexandria and talk exactly like a couple of flat dwellers in New York on their way to Fifth Avenue to see Joffre and his escort regiments pass by. Nothing in classical literature that we know produces so vivid an impression of the solidarity, in time as well as in class, of the human race.

"Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago," by Arthur Morrison, as complete in their detail of ordinary people as Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," and far more cheering and inspiring.

"Memoirs," by General Grant, which should be read, not because it is military history, but because it is the self-revelation of a plain American who, without suspecting it, had a touch—even more than a touch—of literary genius.

"The Bible in Spain," by George Borrow. Borrow has written one of the best pictures of Spanish life of the so-called lower orders in both city and country that can be found in English literature. The book is not half as pious as its title sounds, but it is intensely human.

"My Prison" (Le Mie Prigoni), by Silvio Pellico. If anybody thinks that the Reds and Anarchists in this country have suffered injustice in prison, he ought to read this record of a patriotic Italian revolutionary.

"Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children." Modern literature does not contain a more beautiful picture of family and child life than these letters, which we venture to say will prove to be an American classic.

"The Country of the Pointed Firs," by Sarah Orne Jewett, a too often forgotten literary artist of New England. Her book is a series of detached stories of New England farm and village life, sometimes somber, sometimes cheerful, which, we are inclined to think, will have a place in literature when "Main Street" is forgotten.

The poems of Emily Dickinson—another New England genius of an extraordinary type, as pure a product of America as Walt Whitman.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Perhaps the greatest book ever written by an English-speaking workingman—a tinker.

"The Life of Pasteur," "The Life of Dr. Trudeau," and "The Autobiography of Dr. Grenfell," three physicians who gave themselves to the cause of helping their fellow-workingmen meet the most agonizing problem of life—the problem of sickness and death.

"The Siberian Exile System," by George Kennan. Why more people do not read at this time this very extraordinary account of the despotism which was the direct progenitor of Bolshevism we do not understand.

"The Adventures of François," by Weir Mitchell, and "Scaramouche," by Sabatini. Two rattling good stories of the French Revolution—the first written from the point of view of the aristocrats and the second from the point of view of the proletariat.

"Two Years Before the Mast," by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richard H. Dana. We suppose that the Workers' Education Bureau will admit that seamen work. Any reader of this great American classic certainly will admit it.

"Seven Great Statesmen," by Andrew D. White. The worker needs to know something about political history. Dr. White's seven portraits are penned by a scholar, but in the most engaging human colors. Among the portraits in this volume is one of Cavour, who liberated Italy, and therefore liberated the Italian worker.

Thoreau's "Walden." This is not only a master work of English diction, but shows that happiness consists, not in things, but in attitude of mind.

The story of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Either Lord Charnwood's "Life" or Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men," the first by an Englishman and the second by an American Jew, gives the best one-volume account we know of the great patron saint of workers.

"Pan and the Twins," by Eden Phillpotts, a slight but agreeable story of the Roman countryside in the very early days of Christianity. The worker who wants to get a little glimpse into the classic life and the classic spirit can get it here.

"Roman Farm Management," by Cato and Varro, translated by A Virginia Farmer. The husbandman is the oldest type of workingman, as this delightful book so clearly reveals. It combines the flavor of Roman cured hams and Virginia cured hams in an appetizing fashion.

If not Senator Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall," at least Magruder's one-volume Life of that statesman, who literally gave to the United States permanency as a nation and without whose courage and determination as Chief Justice of the United States, in spite of Mr. Samuel Gompers's distrust of the courts, there would be no American labor unions to-day, because there would be no American Republic.

Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Put Yourself in His Place." The first is a stirring story of the life and adventures, the dangers and joys, of the worker in Europe in mediæval times. The second describes the vices and the justifications of the labor unions when they were first founded in England seventy-five years ago. No "best seller" is more of a thriller than these two novels, and yet they have a profound historical value.

Possibly Tom Watson's "Story of France," which contains a very colorful and on the whole accurate picture of the French Revolution written in what H. L. Mencken would call "the American language." No Englishman could ever have written such a book, and therefore it can fairly be called a product of American literature, and it is a good product too.

Lord Bryce's "Modern Democracies"—or, if not the whole of it, at any rate, Chapters XXVIII to LVII inclusive, which describe social and democratic progress in the United States, Australia, and New Zealand from the worker's point of view.

The foregoing books have been put down at haphazard, and none of them, we believe, appears in the list of the Workers' Education Bureau. We are quite certain that the reader of the books on our list will have a good time, and we are inclined to think he will get a fairly comprehensive grasp of the problems of the worker from mediæval times to the present.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

THE DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES OF GENOA

I—IS GENOA GOING OR COMING?

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM WILLIAM C. GREGG

THE Genoa Conference is composed of thirty-four nations with as many policies and one thousand delegates with as many interests. The common aim is to get more than is given. Unless they can rise to the plane of constructive statesmanship, the end will be worse than the beginning. Can they rise? It doesn't seem possible, yet the urge is very great; stranger things have happened.

But what do they desire so profoundly? *To improve the value of their money.*

The value has fallen for two reasons:

First, because they spent more than their income in running their governments.

Second, they bought more imports than they had exports to ship.

An ordinary man would suppose that the remedy lay in reversing these two faults. True; but that will cause unemployment and more self-denial by a good many people than those good many people want to suffer.

There is another remedy, temporary, but effective for a while. Loans (credits). Can one nation that is running behind lend to another that is worse off?

Why not? Ah, here is the solution: Why not have all the thirty-four nations join in one general loan, one bond issue to be used to bolster up the weaker sisters, they repaying the loans as soon as possible?

If there is strength in numbers, this is a capital suggestion.

But there may be weakness in numbers when unity of action is required; there may be favoritism in loans, friction in administration, and weakness in enforcement of agreements.

The plan is coupled with war prevention, but it carries the seeds of more wars through jealousies, factions, and defalcations.

The majority of the nations are now living alone and living as best they can. Suppose there are thirty-four farmers in the same State, but badly scattered; a half-dozen of them are broke, the rest just getting along. These farmers don't use the same methods nor speak the same language; some Non-Partisan Leaguer proposes that they form a company, each taking so much stock, the company issuing bonds for the benefit of all, but in proportion as they are hard up. Would it work? It never has.

Could thirty-four nations in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, each hard up, work a similar scheme?

Many are thrilled at the announcements: "These new times require new men and new ideas." "The world has outgrown old financial methods."

You and I want to see the new heaven and the new earth too, but we don't want too much new earth on top of us!

Let us try and imagine how this international underwriting syndicate would work. The prospectus might say: "Each nation will agree to subscribe its proportion of, say, five billion dollars of capital. The funds will be in the hands of a managing committee, composed of a member from each nation but voting in proportion to the capital owned."

In order to see how this little enterprise would work let us assess ten per cent on the subscriptions.

Austria comes first on the list; she has "subscribed," although she is interested only in absorption; but to be regular she must pay something. In what? Her paper krone? No, it is worthless. In gold? She hasn't any. In lumber? There isn't a lumber department organized yet, so Austria will please step out of the line for a while.

Belgium is next. Belgium looks prosperous; she hasn't asked help for quite a while. How will she pay her subscriptions? "Not in paper; gold, if you please." But Belgium has only 4½ per

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cent of gold against her outstanding paper money; she can't reduce it; she could furnish manufactured goods if some one supplied the raw materials. No, that has not yet been worked out. it is very complicated. Could Belgium pay her subscription out of her revenues, her receipts from taxes or something? Belgium looks embarrassed, for her total income is only a little over half her expenditures, according to recent statistics.

"Belgium, will you please step out of the line for a little while?"

Britain is reached. Now we have clear sailing. "Mr. Lloyd George, you haven't yet determined the amount of your subscription."

"No, not yet, but it will be very large. It will depend on how we get along in paying what we owe Uncle Sam; and the amount must be approved, anyway, by Parliament."

"You don't say so! When did you make that rule?"

"It was put into the resolution permitting me to meet you all at Genoa."

"Well, but, Mr. George, we are expecting great things from England; we might say, she is the keystone in this financial arch. Perhaps you could do something for us out of your revenues? You had a surplus, we believe, last year of nearly $200,000,000."

"Well, some of us called it a surplus, but others thought we should not include sales of war supplies with revenues. They go so far as to claim that, leaving out such items and placing regular income against expenditure, we show a deficit in the year just closed of perhaps $500,000,000."

We can take a recess at this point, for we seem to be getting nowhere with our world credit corporation.

Another plan, said to be suggested by Mr. Lloyd George, is for Germany to issue bonds and give them to France in payment for reparations, France indorsing them and giving them to England in payment of her war debt, England in turn indorsing them and handing them to the United States in payment for what England owes Uncle Sam.

At first blush this looks clever and feasible. America gets double indorsements, which ought to make the German bonds good. If Germany fails to pay, both France and England agree to pay.

Let us see how it bears analysis:

First, what would America do with such bonds? It is proposed that they run for a long time, longer than the terms America expects to give England, for the plan is based on Germany paying. Can America sell these German bonds on the open market? And if so, at what price? Their value would be highly speculative, dependent on all European complications instead of the conditions behind purely British bonds.

Second, would the indorsements of France and England place the proposed German bonds ahead of or behind the present obligations of France and England?

Third, this plan would pay England's debt to America, but not France's debt to America. You remember, France pays England when she indorses these German bonds in favor of England, but she still owes America. There is no suggestion in this plan by which France discharges her obligation to us.

Whenever we are free to deal *alone with France*, America knows exactly what to do. The debt of France to us will be canceled with the utmost satisfaction.

France is to-day the least spoiled of all of Europe.

Suffering much, she does not whimper

With the hardest financial problems involving her, she is farthest on the road to courageous economies.

The greatest objection to this German bond scheme to me is that Germany will not expect to pay and will not pay.

She now refuses to tax her people as the people of the Allies are war-taxed. She stalls and stalls, and much of the world seems to like it. The prospect of the United States ultimately canceling these bonds "in order to stabilize Europe" is so good that many a Hun is smiling about it to-day.

And with good reason, because in less than three years, and before they have paid much more than the expenses of the Rhine armies, they have seen the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations ignored, if not flouted, by England and Italy. They have seen the United States withdraw safely across the Atlantic—safely for America and safely for Germany.

To-day there looms at Genoa a combination of Germany and Soviet Russia with infinite possibilities of evil, with undisguised hatred of France and all that she represents, with determination to divide and a hope to destroy the other former Allies, certainly to destroy further alliance, and to recover as much as possible of what yesterday they seemed to have lost.

NEXT WEEK'S OUTLOOK

is our annual

RECREATION NUMBER

It will contain an eight-page illustrated section of America's playgrounds from coast to coast. Travel and sport will share the issue with scenic beauty.

II—A BOMB UNDER THE BRIDGE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

WAR has ruined Europe. It has killed millions of men. It has mutilated other millions. It has sunk millions of tons of shipping. It has destroyed mines, forests, orchards, buildings of all kinds, even entire towns and cities.

Worst of all, it has destroyed confidence.

How can confidence, reciprocal respect, security, credit, be restored? If these things were restored, Europe would not now be groaning under the weight of onerous armaments, tariffs, exchanges, debts. In particular, there would not be so many men out of work.

To change all this was the great problem before the recent Conference of the principal Powers at Cannes. They decided that they would have to invite to a general Conference at Genoa the nations which would agree to certain elementary principles of civilized international intercourse. Among these principles were:

The reciprocal respect of national systems of ownership, internal economy and government, and non-interference with the same.

Respect for the property and rights of foreign capital.

Recognition of debts which have been or may be undertaken or guaranteed by the state.

Obligation to restore or compensate all foreign interests for losses by confiscation.

Maintenance of a legal and juridical system which sanctions and enforces commercial and other contracts with impartiality.

Financial and currency conditions which offer sufficient security for trade.

An undertaking to refrain from propaganda subversive of order and established political systems.

An undertaking to refrain from aggression against other nations.

The invitation was accepted by the nations of Europe—especially by Germany and Russia.

They came to Genoa. For the first time all the European victors and vanquished and neutrals in the late war

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

met together in an attempt to reunite the European family.

They are nations of diverse political and social organization. They are represented here at Genoa by men of every class and party.

All of them feel the necessity of deliverance from national isolation and the necessity at least of neighborliness, if not of brotherhood. At all events, their common object is to seek a common economic salvation.

For a week the Conference has been in session. All its members have met on a plane of perfect equality. All apparently have been pursuing a common end, no matter how certain individual and national ambitions may have been hidden.

One of these aims has been Germany's ambition to rule Russia. Commercially and economically before the war Germany made great progress in this direction. Her clever, expert, hard-working industrialists and financiers were everywhere to be found in Russia.

Politically Germany's chance came with the Russian Revolution and destruction of legitimate government five years ago. She sent Lenine—a Communist and propagandist who hated all civilized government—into Russia with the deliberate intention of producing anarchy there, and then, at the proper time, she would reap the advantage.

Day before yesterday Germany proclaimed to the world the outward sign of that advantage. She had concluded a treaty some time ago in Berlin with the Bolsheviks. But neither side had signed it there, for each wanted to come to Genoa with free hands, hoping thereby the easier to strike at a divided Europe, especially at a divided England and France. Perhaps Germany and Russia could divide Europe still further before starting to play their strongest trump card.

To their disappointment, despite certain differences and tendencies, France and England were much more a solidarity than had been supposed. The same was true of the rest of Europe. Hence, after waiting a week to look the ground over, the Germans and Russians decided that there was really nothing to do but to play their trump card. So, without informing the other delegates and behind their backs, the Germans and Russians suddenly signed and published the hitherto secret treaty. They signed it *here*, though they are guests of the Italian Government and members of an international Conference envisaging a whole continent, and not one or two nations only. The Germans and Russians cannot, apparently, play a straight game.

To-day, in talking to some of us, Mr. Lloyd George, British Prime Minister, said:

> This is no informal act. We all agreed to be on a plane of equality in every respect and we have been. We have been in apparent accord that we should discuss matters together and not in separate paths.
>
> What happened? Behind the backs of the commission which had the subject of Russia in charge another and a diverse work is done. It gives us a sudden blow which no one expected.
>
> Such an act seems to me an attempt, absolutely, of sabotage. I do not mean the shipwreck of the Conference. The act might have led to shipwreck, however, but I do not believe that it was introduced with that intention.

This final sentence may have comforted the Germans and Russians a little after their castigation.

The subjects comprised in the Russo-German treaty are precisely those which have been forming the object of negotiations between the Russian representatives and those of the other Powers, Germany included. Last week I heard the German Chancellor proclaim that his delegation would loyally co-operate with the other delegations in the solution of these questions. Of course the separate treaty with Russia violates that loyalty. It also violates some of the conditions of the Cannes invitation. Finally, it violates the treaty of Versailles.

As a result, by the sentence of the Allies, Germany, as signatory of the Versailles Treaty, must annul the Russo-German Treaty or have no voice in the negotiations between the other Powers and Russia. Naturally, Germany has chosen the latter course.

The Russo-German Treaty is apparently economic in character. The German and Russian Governments mutually renounce repayment of war expenses and war damages. They declare that all questions of public or private law will be settled according to reciprocity. They agree to resume diplomatic relations. They declare for a mutual trade based on the principle of the most favored nation and undertake to aid each other in attenuating their economic difficulties. Germany, in particular, renounces all claims resulting from Bolshevik measures which have affected German citizens, on condition that the Bolshevik Government does not grant reparation for similar claims from other Powers; the implication from this of course is that if the Bolshevik Government does grant reparation to other Powers, it must also to Germany. This annulment of the rights of private persons and the most favored nation clause have put both Russia and Germany in good humor.

What secret clauses there may be is naturally not disclosed. But the treaty is too one-sided, as favoring Russia, not to have such.

The treaty stiffens the backs of both Germany and Russia.

It stiffens Germany's back because at last she has been actually displaying to the world a will of her own; she is no longer the plaything of the Entente! In the second place, and chiefly, it gives Germany the satisfaction of feeling that, no matter what Russia does, henceforth she (Germany) is going to win. She will stop Russia, if she can, from making reparations; she will encourage Russia to resist Allied requests, although she knows that the United States Government, for one, is not likely to cancel the Russian debt to it or assent to the cancellation of the claims of our citizens against the Soviets. If Russia should yield, Germany has still the upper hand; if Russia resists, Germany is "the whole show" and Russia becomes an entirely free field for German exploitation —indeed, in such an event, Russia would be but a vast German colony.

The treaty stiffens Russia's back because she can now defy the rest of the world, as she never could by treaties made with the Baltic States, or Turkey, or Persia, for instance. She has now made a treaty with the one Power able and ready and willing thoroughly to rehabilitate her. Hence she defies the other nations by practically declaring to them that if they do not accept the conditions accepted by Germany then Germany will have the sole charge of remaking Russia.

If all this seems purely economic, between the lines of the treaty one may breathe a political atmosphere.

The treaty stands directly in the way of the Entente countries in their necessity and effort to get reparation payments. Suppose Germany finally refuses to pay any more, and suppose Russia refuses to pay at all. What then? The Entente may ultimately have to take up arms to get payments. The 800,000 soldiers of France and the much smaller armies of Italy, Belgium, and England could now be confronted, first, by the 100,000 German regulars, plus the hundreds of thousands of trained men who have belonged to the various "security" organizations (but who would be quickly solidified with the German army), and, second, with the 1,500,000 soldiers in the present Russian army.

The treaty is meaningful not to Germany and Russia alone. When the present Poland was created, men prophesied that if Germany and Russia ever came together in close alliance they would crush Poland between them. Neither Germany nor Russia wants Poland to be a separate state. Neither Germany nor Russia is satisfied with present frontiers. The treaty, therefore, doubtless signifies their own expected territorial expansion at a not too distant day, and the fourth and final partition of Poland.

Will the world stand idly by?

The German and Russian journalists here in this "Casa della Stampa," as I write, are boasting that their treaty will consolidate peace. Instead, it may ultimately mean war.

Such is its potentiality. As to the present Conference, however, while the treaty has endangered it, it need not prevent its success. The duty of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

delegates remains the same, no matter what the present defection or the distant menace. It is to make out of the debates and decisions in this Conference a bridge over which the ruined nations of Europe may walk from shifting sands to the firm ground of an assured prosperity. But I, for one, deem the Russo-German treaty a bomb placed under the bridge.

Let us hope it won't explode!

Genoa, April 20, 1922.

SEATTLE ELECTS A MAYOR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY WILLIAM CHAPLIN COLLINS

SEATTLE has had another municipal election.

The selection of Dr. Edwin J. Brown, dentist-lawyer, sometime Socialist, for Mayor, Tuesday, May 2, is well in accord with the often-observed fact that political disturbances of the Northwestern metropolis are never dull. The city that recalled its chief executive in 1911, that was the scene of America's first general strike in 1919, has, by its recent Mayoralty campaign, abandoned its old political leaders for new. And it has done so in a way nothing short of extraordinary.

A fusion of the votes of labor, banking, business, and professional groups is believed to be the explanation of Dr. Brown's election.

The new Mayor was bitterly fought by half the newspapers of the city and supported by none.

He has a record of political misadventures as Bryanesque in number as in variety.

Yet, in spite of all, he was chosen by 40,000 votes to his opponent's 28,000.

Dr. Brown presents a peculiar figure in municipal politics, virtually unique. He is both a lawyer and a dentist by profession. His first taste of city politics was in Kansas City, Missouri, where he was graduated from a dental college, and from the Kansas City School of Law in 1899. For a time he was a barber. His real interest was in reform, and was centered in the fight led by William Rockhill Nelson, of the Kansas City "Star," against the city bosses. He shared in the campaign that elected Herbert Hadley to a city office—Hadley, who later became Governor of Missouri and who was mentioned for the Presidency in 1912.

During his twenty-one years of residence in Seattle he has been looked upon by business men as a harmless radical of a rather freak type. He is most widely known as a dentist whose advertisements in the newspapers consisted of political and economic sermons and of occasional tirades against rival dentists who sought to reap the benefit of his publicity by establishing their offices in the vicinity of his, with the announcement that they were the "right Dr. Brown."

Periodically he ran for office, and periodically he was defeated. His political career includes campaigns for Governor, the bench, Mayor, corporation counsel, city councilman, and prosecuting attorney. In earlier campaigns he ran as a Socialist, later as a Non-Partisan, and still later as a Democrat.

His difficulties with the name of Brown were not confined to disputes with rival dentists. In 1918 he lost the race for county prosecuting attorney by a mere handful of votes to another Brown. "Counted out by the gang," declared Dr. Brown.

Admitting he was a "bright fellow," few took him seriously. He supplied political amusement.

That the Bryan of Seattle, an advertising dentist, with a record of radical utterances, should be chosen Mayor of Seattle would not have been credited by astute politicians a month ago. Apparently, indeed, the shift to Brown was astoundingly swift, almost unparalleled. Yet it has its roots in a State-wide distrust of the old political leaders and old political line-ups, distrust that has made many willing to turn almost to any quarter for relief and change.

Interest in Seattle's municipal affairs was aroused in 1911 when the city, in the throes of setting its house in order, recalled its Mayor, the famous Hi Gill. Brown, incidentally, was one of the reform candidates—defeated, of course. But when Gill was later elected again, students of municipal government realized that Seattle offers much that is instructive in the ways of city politics and policies.

Shortly after the armistice attention was focused on Seattle again by the threatened general strike, when Ole Hanson, then Mayor, came into prominence by his determined stand against the strikers.

After the strike failed, Seattle was confronted with the issue of ownership of its street railways. Mayor Hanson strongly advocated the purchase of the system by the city, which was accomplished.

Ugly rumors soon were passing from mouth to mouth concerning the street-car purchase. It was openly charged that the city had been grossly held up, that an antiquated, run-down white elephant was in its keeping.

The result of the Hanson administration was twofold: the street railway became a chief issue in municipal politics, and the breach between labor and business was wider than before.

The street-car purchase became the subject for grand jury investigation, lawsuits, and much agitation, while the very next Mayoralty campaign was contested between a conservative and a radical candidate. The conservative candidate won by a large majority, in spite of the fact that most of the newspapers, outside the labor press, gave active support to another conservative man.

But the moderates, victorious as they were, saw that, while the labor votes were concentrated on one candidate, the conservative votes were scattered over the field. As a result these men organized this winter the Washington Union League Club, an out-and-out political organization which in the primaries preceding the recent election gave its support to Walter F. Meier, Corporation Counsel.

The internal condition in Seattle was complicated by a condition obtaining throughout the State—disgust with the rings, old line-ups, old leaders, that had been in control of politics many years. Whether dishonesty and crookedness existed, and exists, or not, is difficult to attempt to prove, but the belief that they did exist was not confined to radicals and reformers. The people generally were in the mood for change.

This was a fact overlooked by the Washington Union League Club. The personnel of the founders was peculiarly unfortunate: Richard A. Ballinger, of Ballinger-Pinchot fame, was temporary President, and others who might fairly be judged reactionaries rather than conservatives were associated with him.

Meier was defeated in the primaries, the victim of the unpopularity of his supporters.

Another conservative, State Senator Dan Landon, and, to the amusement of many, Dr. Brown, were the nominees, the latter nosing out Mr. Meier by 32 votes.

The day following the primaries Dan Landon's election was confidently predicted.

Then came the extraordinary and unexpected shift. Seattle, quietly and without explanation, went Brown.

Five days before the final election the impossible began to become possible, nay, probable. Seattle's business men, bankers, professional men, those who had laughed at Brown, were deserting Landon. They deserted a Republican for one whom they never had considered other than a freak, politically speaking. The "grafting plunderbund of business profiteers" and the "red radi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cals," as extremists in the two groups term each other, were agreeing on a candidate for Mayor.

The "Union Record," labor organ, took alarm, and did not express any opinion. The opponents of Brown became frantic. He was accused of being a radical Socialist; he was denounced as a tool of reactionary business. He was charged as a champion of bootleggers, drug peddlers, gamblers, grafters, big business. "Senator Landon concedes me everything," remarked Brown.

But it was not love for Brown so much as dislike for Landon, or for the things his name was associated with, that elected the doctor. Landon belonged with the old-line politicians. He had long been in State politics. Chief among his supporters were men who, in the public mind at least, were regarded as of the "ring," both in City Hall and State Capitol. And the electorate rebelled.

Another factor, seemingly ridiculous, had much to do with the votes. Landon has been called the "homeliest man in town." With the increase in Seattle's importance as a commercial center, the social aspects of the Mayor's office have broadened, and many sensitive citizens could not bring themselves to support Landon for that very reason. At least, so it is believed.

They looked at Brown; many modified their former opinion. The dentist-lawyer had not been letting grass grow. He is said to have done a business well over the million-dollar mark since he came to Seattle; he owns a ranch estimated to be worth in the neighborhood of $200,000. Although Brown was waging his usual fight to "clean up the city," the moderates said to themselves that perhaps they had done him an injustice. He might have peculiar ideas, but he was a highly successful man of affairs.

Seattle, emphatically, had determined upon change.

Interest in Dr. Brown will not cease with his election. He has promised lower street-car fares, and his solution of the problem will have great bearing on the whole subject of municipal ownership. Then, too, he is an advocate of a mammoth hydroelectric development project. This, if carried to completion, will, as Dr. Brown says, be "one of the greatest single-handed assets owned by any city in the United States" and "will produce more power than Muscle Shoals."

Meanwhile Seattle is rubbing its eyes, surprised at itself. The "Times" remarks philosophically that Seattle has survived a Hanson and can survive a Brown; others believe the cause of honest government has triumphed over questionable political forces; and the Nation is edified by another example of the idiosyncrasies of municipal politics.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

AN AGE OF SERVICE

THIS age is rightly called a commercial age, and commerce is an interchange of services. There are very few businesses, there is no honest business, in which a man can engage without serving the community. The farmer raises a crop of corn and wheat; he sends it to the mill, which grinds it into meal and flour; the mill sends it to the railway, which transports it to the city; and the railways deliver it to the grocers, who in turn distribute it to the homes. Farmer, mill, railway, and grocer are co-operating in a mutual service on which the community depends for food. It is because this commercial machinery of interchange is interfered with that thousands of Russians are starving, and, although charity, carefully organized, is attempting to supply them with food and is working very efficiently, it cannot, with its utmost effort, take the place and do the work done with comparative ease by commerce.

Precisely because this age is one in which mutuality of service is so fully developed, I call it not only a commercial age, but also of all ages in history the most Christian.

For it is service that distinguishes Christianity from paganism. This is made clear by the only passage, I think, in which Jesus defined the fundamental difference between paganism and Christianity. He said:

> Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.

The difference between pagans and Christians is not that the pagans call God Jove and the Christians call him Jehovah; nor that the pagans worship him in temples with prayers and sacrifices and the Christians worship him in churches with prayers and music. As I have recently written in one of these "Knoll Papers," a community in which the rich make the poor serve them, and the strong make the weak serve them, and the wise make the ignorant serve them, is pagan; a community in which the rich serve the poor, and the strong serve the weak, and the wise serve the ignorant, is a Christian community.

The difference is theological as well as sociological. The Christian religion is the only one which worships love, not power. The whole of Christian duty is summed up in "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." The whole of Christian theology is summed up in the declaration, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

We do not need a new organization of industry. The present organization is admirably adapted to carry on a commerce which is a mutual service. What we need is more of the spirit of service and less of the spirit of acquisition. Co-operation is no cure for selfishness. A well-organized gang of railway robbers is the more dangerous to a community the more efficiently it is organized. A corporation is essentially a co-operative enterprise. A thousand men contribute their money to a fund and trust the fund to the control of a few supposedly wise directors. The directors serve the stockholders; the stockholders serve the community. Such a corporation may be animated by the spirit of service; but it may be animated purely by the spirit of selfishness. It may have no soul. Soviet Russia has taught one lesson to the world; it has taught us that changing the form of industry and leaving it controlled by the spirit of selfishness is no remedy for industrial ills. Communism is not curative.

It is impossible to estimate the service which has been rendered and is being rendered to the world by the men who have produced—some by their muscles and some by their brain—corn, wheat, wool, coal, iron, steel, copper, lumber, oil, for the world's use. The difference between the America of to-day and the America of five hundred years ago is largely due to the work of these men. Some of them have been overpaid, some of them underpaid. But the quiet assumption of certain reformers that the captains of industry have been actuated only by the ambition of acquisition has no foundation in fact. It can be pardoned only on the ground that ignorance is the mother of uncharitableness. In America the ambition to do a great service is at least as common as the ambition to acquire a great fortune. Oftenest, perhaps, the two go hand in hand.

In America Christianity is paganized, paganism is Christianized. Neither dominates the other; but gradually, very gradually, the spirit of service is taking the lead; Christianity is gaining the mastery.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. & A. Photos

FREDERICK MAC MONNIES'S STATUE OF "CIVIC VIRTUE" IN THE NEW YORK CITY HALL PARK

Because Mr. MacMonnies has presented "Civic Virtue" as a male figure trampling on temptation in the form of sirens, the superfeminists have raised a violent protest against the placing of this statue in City Hall Park. This heroic figure has already been given a nickname—for New Yorkers have irreverently dubbed it "The Rough Guy"

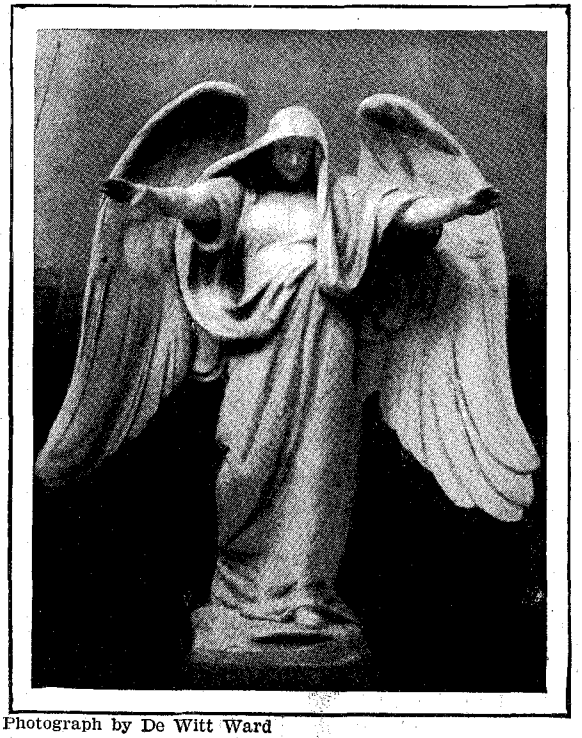
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF AMERICAN ART

Dorr News Service

PAINTING BY
GEORGE W. BELLOWS
AT THE SPRING
EXHIBITION OF THE
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
IN PITTSBURGH,
PENNSYLVANIA

This picture, "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna," was awarded a medal of the first class



Photograph by De Witt Ward

"BENEDICTION,"
DESIGNED BY
DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH,
SCULPTOR, AND
HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT

This bronze winged figure, which will tower sixteen feet high and forty feet above the roadway at St. Mihiel, France, is here shown as photographed from a model, recently completed. It will form part of the memorial to 3,500 soldiers of Massachusetts who fell in the Great War

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEHIND THE SILVER BUTTON

A LETTER TO AN EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK FROM A CAPTAIN IN THE A. E. F.

DEAR ABBOTT:

You ask me what a magazine like The Outlook can do to benefit the disabled service man now in the care of the Government. This is a difficult question to answer—there are so many sides to the problem, and all the human materials with which we have to deal are rather refractory. You must keep in mind that the whole matter is one of the interplay of people with conflicting aims and interests.

Take the ex-soldier himself. I've been through the mill from the bottom. When I enlisted fourteen years ago in a crack Boston outfit, I was so green that it struck me as a good stunt to go and rough-house the officers' tents. Fortunately, an older soldier dissuaded me. From those depths I climbed to the dizzy elevation of a very temporary battalion commander. I took a company of infantry into action in the Argonne Forest, and have had two and a half years in army hospitals to think it over. I'm lame now and a pensioner. While no seer, I know something of the workings of the disabled service man's mind. It's apt to appear to the normal citizen as a warped mind. It is.

To begin with, the disabled soldier is either sick or wounded; by this time he's been sick or wounded about four years; he's a chronic invalid; he's had from one to twenty operations under anæsthetics; he's been shipped from hospital to hospital, examined, quizzed, jawed at, pawed over, by some scores of doctors, most of whom he guesses—and he's not far wrong—aren't capable of properly chloroforming a sick kitten. He accepts the kindly ministrations of the Red Cross and the cockroaches that come on his breakfast tray with the same weary philosophy, as the good and bad elements of the same game. Pain and pus are old and too familiar details of his life.

Naturally, a sick body makes a sick mind. He lost all ambition years ago; he is more or less content to accept his lot, to weave baskets, string beads, shoot craps, and get tanked on bootleg gin after pay day, without much thought of the future. Physical weakness and dependence upon others sap his mental vitality. He is suspicious and grouchy; he is hard boiled. One gets used to a certain amount of pain—it's part of the day's work. Aside from that, the life isn't hard; bed and chow are furnished, and the ghost walks once a month.

Pitchforked out of this life into a strenuous world that forgot about the war by January 1, 1919, the ex-soldier is out o' luck. You know the old story: job gone, nothing offered except at starvation wages, no ambition, and a pain in the old wound when the weather is damp. Hospital wasn't so bad, after all. Every one he meets is only too glad to do anything for a wounded soldier to get him out of the way. He accumulates recommendations as he is passed from one office to the next. He is asked over and over again what he thinks of the bonus. Then the Veterans' Bureau notifies him that his case has been rerated and his compensation cut in half. He drifts. If lucky, he lands a job, gathers himself together, and holds it down, but he is always uncertain as to what the Veterans' Bureau will do to him next, and whether or not that old gas cough that comes back on rainy days really is T.B. He is apt to be sore on the Administration, to consider that the wise guy, after all, was the slacker, and to vote the Democratic ticket next election.

Don't judge these little weaknesses too harshly. Remember that four swift years ago that shabby chap with the silver button in his coat was your hero who waded through the poison gas and shell-fire, struggled in the barbed wire, shot or clubbed the gunners at their Maxims, and turned the crackling muzzles back upon the Hun. Remember Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne. To you they are names and dates recalling weary days and anxious nights; to him they are flaming and terrific realities—memories of slaughter and peril, the dead face of his buddy white and red in the mud, of his own sacrifice and his own blood soaking into the pleasant land of France.

Turn now from the soldier to his guardian enemy, the doctor. The doctor, like his victim, is a very human man. He's not the best doctor in town, and he knows it. Your own physician and the fellows you know who went through Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and P. and S., who have a good practice and do clever operations in clinics for charity, aren't his kind. He never went to a big college; he learned medicine in a struggling, second-rate school. He's looking after soldiers, to tell the truth, because he needs the money. He finds them an obstinate, irritable, dissatisfied lot, ever clamoring for the impossible, always packing a grievance. With these men he does the best he can till he gets tired out, then finishes off the job in a hurry so as to get in a little tennis on the hospital clay court before it rains. He becomes indifferent to pain—it's part of his day's work; he gets indifferent to Croton bugs and dirt. Every army hospital he has been in has an abundance of both. It doesn't matter much; there are always clean bandages and the eternal Dakin solution. Forever there are reports to be made out and record cards to be filed; if he misses out on these, he catches hell from the adjutant; if he makes a mistake on a patient, it isn't so easy to stick the blame on him. Red tape and routine treatment of men who won't get well are the bane of his existence. It is difficult to keep up any enthusiasm; he draws his not over-liberal pay check as long as he satisfies his immediate superiors. He has small variety in his practice—the same old dressings on the same old wounds day after day; he may feel himself going stale; like the soldier, he is apt to drift.

Now take the angle of the Veterans' Bureau employee. He—or she—probably landed the job through politics. Times are hard, and if this job is lost it will be next to impossible to get another. The immediate concern is to keep that job. There will always be a roomful of restless, poorly dressed men with canes and crutches, moving about, turning over tattered magazines on the table, smoking cigarettes, and inquiring about lost records. Tell him to come back in a week—the papers are in Washington. Next. By and by the soldier gets tired of being stalled off and goes to his Congressman with a tale of delay, suffering, and mistreatment that is all true but which loses nothing in the telling. The Congressman writes a letter to the Bureau or gets some one on the 'phone. Things happen fast. The employee, with the late dismissals in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing fresh in his mind, digs frantically for the records and X-ray plates; cannot locate them because the office has been moved twice since the soldier's case was first opened, and in despair goes to the politician who landed him the job for his help in keeping it. Ultimately the soldier gets attention. If he were wise, he would have gone to his Congressman in the beginning. As it is, he is convinced that the Veterans' Bureau is full of Bolsheviks who are out to do the soldier. You can't blame him much, either.

Finally, there is the public, and you know more about the public than I.

What can The Outlook do to help the disabled soldier? There is need for a large sanity, reasonable kindness, justice, humanity, efficiency. The Government has spent enormous sums of money; it has run away like water spilled on the ground, and the disabled soldier is still discontented. He feels that the United States Government has not lived up to its promises. Mulling over its records, and fearful of its jobs, the Veterans' Bureau cares no more for the men it is supposed to serve than does the mill for the grain it grinds. The soldier finds the vocational training more or less of a sham, but he accepts it for the living wage it carries. Promised retirement on a parity with Regu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. B. MAXWELL

It will not be long before
THE OUTLOOK
publishes two of the best stories which
it has secured in recent years
"THE ROMANCE OF IT"
By W. B. Maxwell,
whom English critics rank
with Galsworthy and Wells;
"THE GOD IN THE MACHINE"
By Elsie Singmaster,
for many years a welcome
contributor to The Outlook.

ELSIE SINGMASTER

lar officers, the disabled emergency Army officers have fought the General Staff for three years to get the protection granted emergency Navy and Marine officers, but denied those who led the soldiers in battle.

Consequently we organize. The disabled emergency officers seem to be on the point of winning a grudging and partial fulfillment of the promise made in the Selective Service Act by the passage of the Bursum Bill; the Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars have jammed through the House a Bonus Bill that is bitterly fought in the press and in Washington by the people who will be taxed to pay it. What a pity the burden cannot be placed on the men of military age who did not join the Army! The soldier is out to get what he considers his rights; angered by the opposition of those whom he feels sat back and made money while he sweated in cantonment or shivered in the mud of France, he may be inclined to press his claim to the limit.

You see the difficulty of your question —What can The Outlook do for the disabled service man? Attack each problem as it comes up; give us the benefit of your cool, sane, well-balanced, kindly thought. We need it. Help the disabled officer get his retirement; clean the dirt and bugs out of the hospitals; help the patient, the doctor, and the employee in the Veterans' Bureau to a better understanding of each other; fight the exploitation of the crippled soldier; speed up and humanize the system.

I thank you.

Sincerely yours,
RICHARD DOUGLAS.

THE LOGGER AND THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"WE are industrial experts. We can revolutionize your plant. We make profitable factories out of losing ones. We show you where your men are wasting time. We eliminate waste and install modern methods of increased efficiency. That is our job. Give us a trial."

The busy manager of a large logging concern in the Pacific Northwest received the above mimeographed circular from a brand-new Eastern firm of industrial engineers. The grizzled old logger understood the woods; he had been brought up in the tall timbers of the great Northwest. In his early days he had delivered railway ties to the Great Northern Railroad at twenty cents apiece. He didn't make much money, but still he enjoyed the experience. It at least kept him going. He finally purchased a "coffee" mill and delivered rough lumber to Puget Sound cities. He later purchased a Willamette "donkey" and started logging on a little larger scale. He enlarged his plant as years went by. He was an expert in every branch of the logging business. He had been a "faller," a "bucker," and a "bull bucker." He went on the "rigging;" started in "choking," then "chasing," "decking," "second loading," and finally became a "head loader." He had fired the logging "loky" and later on became a "donkey puncher," graduating from his woods experience as a "hook tender" of the first quality. He had laid out his own railways, and they were the pride of the country.

Having worked up through every department of the logging game, he thought he understood the logging business to the 'steenth degree. There was no question but what he was familiar with the practical side of steam logging from the stump to the mill pond. However, here was a new angle. He thought it was worth a trial. He decided to give the industrial engineers a chance. To his intense surprise, after he had signed the contract an immaculately tailored young man appeared in the woods.

He had a short talk with the logger. "I'll investigate for a few days," he finally told him, "and I will probably find out just what the trouble is. When I do, we will proceed to eliminate it."

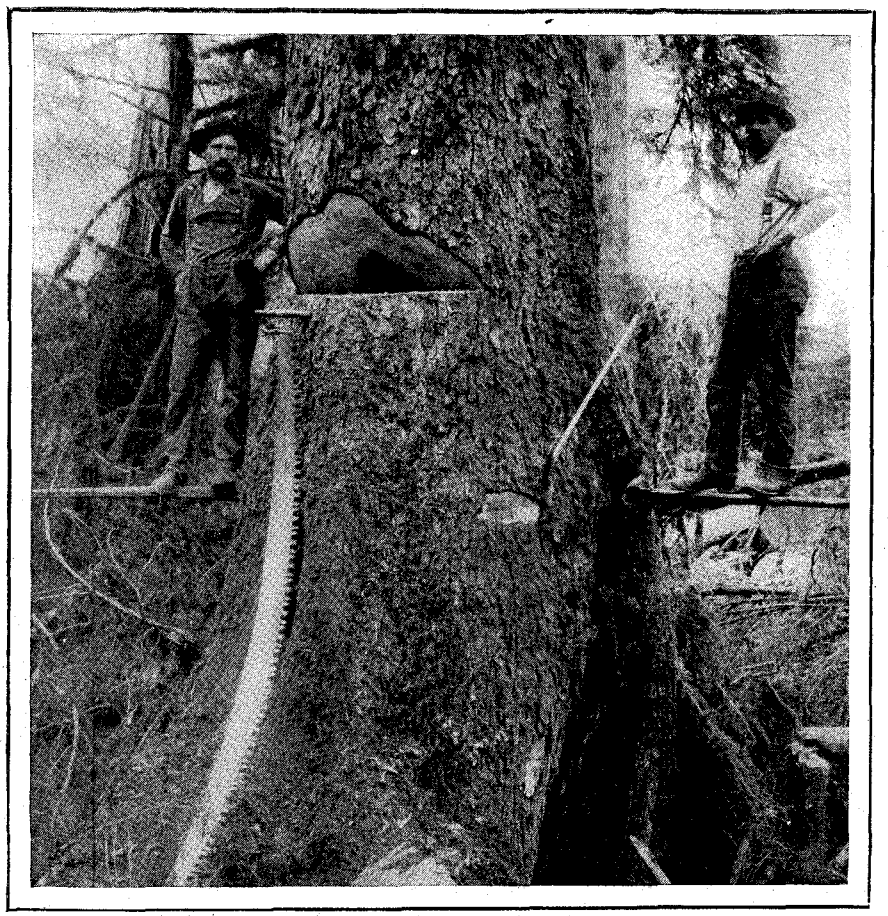
"Was you ever in the woods before?" queried the logger.

"No," replied the student "expert," "I never have been—but then that makes no difference. We simply apply modern methods; eliminate unnecessary work; standardize production by pointing out the defects of your system. You see, that's our business. We have learned it."

The grizzled logger became dubious. Logging was his game; but, never having enjoyed the advantages of high school or college, he stood in awe when facing the college-developed brain. After a week of walking around the woods in a dignified manner, the engineer took the mill-owner into his confidence.

"Just as I thought," he started. "You're losing a lot of money with your falling crew. A terrible waste. You have twelve crews of 'fallers;' they are losing about one hundred minutes per

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(C) Keystone

FELLING A GIANT TREE IN THE NORTHWEST

man per day. You have twenty-four men, which makes a total of twenty-four hundred minutes, or forty hours. Your wages are 50 cents an hour—or taking forty hours' loss of time makes $20 a day. This makes a total of $520 a month for a twenty-six-day month, or $6,240 a year. In eight years you lose $50,000; in sixteen years, $100,000. So, you see, this is a terrible waste that can be very easily eliminated. This shows you the value of industrial efficiency. It will give you an insight into what our industrial engineers are doing for the country. This of course is only one department. I have only had an opportunity of studying the 'fallers' and 'buckers.' You have a train crew, a loading crew, and a landing crew, and I don't doubt but that I can find like deficiencies in these departments."

"This is wonderful!" exclaimed the logger. "Wonderful! I have been logging now for a great many years. I am considered to be worth about $125,000. But here you find a saving in my falling crew alone that would amount to more in twenty years than I am worth. It is certainly marvelous!"

The young "expert" beamed with pride; he could be excused for that—he was only a boy with a long lead pencil, lots of paper, and plenty of time with which to figure.

"You're tired to-night," said the youth; "I won't go into this in detail until to-morrow morning, after the 'roll-out' has been called, when I will go over the matter fully." Therefore the explanation was left for the morrow.

In the morning, after the crews had left on the logging train for the upper works, the "expert" stepped into the office.

"All right, now," he began; "I'll get down to business and show you what I have discovered. Here are my charts for the week. They tell the whole story. I won't have to talk much. You see, I have watched your 'fallers.' They are wonderful men, with perfect physiques. They go out and undercut the timber. They do a beautiful job—in fact, I have gazed with undisguised admiration at the perfect smoothness of an undercut that has from ten to twelve cubic feet of face. They are marvelous at pulling the saw. They work like Trojans. They drop the timber exactly where it should go. At that they are expert. There has not been a tree dropped across a stump the entire week where there was a possibility of avoiding it. It shows beyond all doubt that these men are doing their best to avoid unnecessary breakage. They do not lose a moment from the time they put in the large duck-bill wedge. They drop the tree with all despatch, and up to this point they are perfect. Now I come to the point where the loss of time takes place. When the tree is dropped, the 'fallers' sit down on the stump, gaze up and down the fallen timber, even smoke a pipe, and then walk leisurely over to the next tree. They sometimes spend several minutes looking around before they put in their undercut. On a calculation based, as this chart indicates, on the entire week, the loss of time from the moment the tree dropped until they actually began swinging the ax on the new tree—the loss of time averaged ten minutes. You have very big timber here, and my chart indicates that the men have averaged ten trees a day. They have lost ten minutes a tree, which makes a total loss of one hundred minutes per man per day, or, as I explained to you last night, a monthly loss of $520 on your tree 'fallers' alone. How about it?"

The tanned, weather-beaten-faced logger's hands twitched nervously. They were rough hands; they had big, deep cracks along the edges of the palm. The finger tips had deep cuts in them. The rough fingers slowly tapped the smooth surface of the desk that separated them. The logger's face began to grow red. Anger was plainly visible in his eyes. It could easily be seen that it was hard for him to control his emotions. He quickly arose to his feet and in a thunderous tone shouted: "You poor deluded 'tenderfoot'! What do you mean by coming up here and wasting a week of my time as well as your own? Where did you ever get the nerve to send me your big-worded circular? If you had ever done a real day's manual work in your life, you would know something about men; but that hasn't been part of your schooling.

"Now let me give you a lesson in efficiency. Those falling crews that you have been watching all week are the type of men you say they are—brawny, red-blooded, vigorous men. There is not a slacker in the crew; but they are not machines. You can't oil them up and walk off, like you can a 'donkey' engine. With all their strength, they are only human. That timber is the hardest cutting timber in the world; not because it is so hard; it isn't; but because it is so full of pitch. When these men spend, as you say they do, from thirty-five to forty-five minutes at constant sawing, standing on spring-boards, with every ounce of strength they've got on the saw, common sense ought to tell you that, when they get through with that forty-five minutes' work, which takes more exertion than ten rounds of a real prize-fight, relaxation of some kind is necessary. If these men did not take that ten minutes of rest which they do, they would be entirely played out by noon. The best man in the world would be all shot to pieces in less than a week. That rest they take, instead of making them less 'efficient,' is the thing that makes them so highly efficient. By taking that ten minutes in each hour for relaxation they are able to give me eight hours of solid work. If they did not take that rest, in less than three days I would not be able to get any work out of them at all. Instead of falling ten of these giant trees a day, their average would drop to six, and less. You may be a good theoretical industrial engi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neer. You may know your business from a technical angle, but, lacking the practical personal contact with the actual laborer, your 'experting' makes your work absolutely valueless; yes, worse than valueless, because you have used up a lot of our valuable time and your report is not worth the snap of your finger.

"Now, son, let me give you some advice. You have a schooling in books and that is one of the greatest assets a young man can have. The trouble with you is you have only half finished your schooling. Take my advice: If you are going to be a woods industrial engineer, just get on a pair of overalls, some spiked shoes, a wool shirt, and a pair of gloves; start in on the rigging and spend a year or two gaining actual knowledge of conditions. As you work study men, and then you will know something about them. You cannot study men—the hearts of men—from a picture or a story book. You have got to live with them and feel them. You have got to go hungry with them and perspire with them; pack blankets with them, if it is necessary. Combine that experience with your knowledge gained through a college education, and then you will be worth a big fee. You will not only be a credit to yourself and the school from which you graduated, but you will be of tremendous value to the Nation.

You have made the first right step, young man—the best step a young man can take; but take my advice—complete your education by putting on a pair of overalls and study the greatest factor in industry to-day—the human factor."

BEHIND THE LEVEES

BY FREDERICK W. JONES

LIFE in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta with the waters of the rising Mississippi washing the top layer of the emergency sand-bags[1] on the levees brings many of the uncertainties and fears of defensive warfare. It suggests both the siege of Vicksburg and the early days of a constantly tightening blockade. Everybody thinks and almost everybody talks in terms of the one great "If." The schoolgirl will have her graduating dress "If." The ball team will play Greenville next Saturday "If." The housewife debates with her family and neighbors the grave question of the wisdom of setting out tomato plants. The planter tries to show his contempt of that "If" by tossing a coin to see whether all hands go fishing or plant a hundred acres of corn. But I notice that one of these planters has this standing order with the merchant he and I deal with: Such and such a number of bushels of corn and such and such a number of tons of hay "if the levee breaks." Every family in the country has equipped itself with at least one boat and has planned what to do with the stock. In the meantime the churches and the Sunday schools are filling up. Like Noah in the days of the approaching flood, everybody is trying to "walk with God." One preacher in my town has cleverly expressed it all on a signboard: "If the levee of life breaks, have you a lifeboat for eternity?"

Fortunately for the peace of mind of the planters in this section, there has been an abundance of fighting on hand. At the first approach of the besieging enemy a weak sector on the battle-front was found. For a distance of six or seven miles in the region of Miller's Point, about twenty miles north of the rich and beautiful city of Greenville, the levee was regarded by the engineers as insecure. A break there would send the waters of the Mississippi down Deer Creek, which runs for scores of miles through one of the richest parts of the lower Delta. Many hundreds of thousands of acres of highly cultivated plantations would be overflowed; cities and towns would be threatened with disaster; human life would almost surely be lost. Meetings were held in many of the communities along the creek. Organizations were perfected for the purpose of sending labor to strengthen the impaired defenses. Many planters offered to send the last man they had. They argued that if the levee broke no amount of labor would be worth anything to them.

At first the Negroes were every morning transported in cars and trucks, returning at night. Later special trains were run; camps were laid out, and at times as many as five thousand men put upon the first, which is also the last, line of defense. Wherever darkies are found loafing about a Deer Creek town they are given their choice of going to work on the levee or being arrested for vagrancy. They usually choose the levee work, though to those who live several miles away from the rising river the thought of fighting it is terrifying. After a few hours of association with the seemingly harmless body of water, however, they seem contented enough. Two professional gamblers the other day paid fines of $100 each and accepted sentences of eight months on the county farm rather than risk their necks or their superior social standing as members of a promiscuous levee gang.

Fighting the Mississippi is not particularly hazardous for those who are on the battle-front. Most of the danger is for those who live away from the levees. Whenever a break occurs, everybody within reach of them runs toward these

[1] Dirt, instead of sand, is used. Sand sifts through the bags. However, the word "sand" is always used instead of "dirt."

UNDERGRADUATES from 125 universities and colleges scattered through thirty-nine States and the Dominion of Canada entered The Outlook's prize contest for the best letters on the problem of modern athletics. The task of selecting the victors was a formidable one, for the letters showed the highest average of merit of those which we have received in any of the Outlook contests conducted during the past year.

The winner of the first prize is at Princeton.

The winner of the second prize attends Ohio State University.

The winner of third prize claims as his Alma Mater Cornell.

The seven fourth prizes have been awarded to undergraduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Oberlin College, the University of Minnesota, the Iowa State College, the United States Military Academy, the Columbia School of Journalism, and from a Pennsylvania institution, the name of which we may not disclose.

The names of all the prize winners who have permitted us to make their identity known, together with the first, second, and third prize letters, will be appropriately published in the Recreation Number of The Outlook —that of May 24.

The letters from winners of the fourth prize will appear in later issues of The Outlook.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo by J. E. France

BEHIND A THREATENED LEVEE

In the foreground are men engaged in putting sand in sacks. In the upper right, the small figures are men carrying sacks of sand up the levee to load on a barge for transportation to other weak points. About 3,000 men are working to save this point. Some 8,000 men in all have been working day and night on a strip seven miles long. The scene is at Stop's Landing, near Scott, Mississippi

protecting dikes. When the water pours through the opening, the pressure elsewhere diminishes. The broken wall of earth will at least protect life and limb no matter how great the destruction of property.

The psychology involved in the thought of a break is disheartening, but, for all that, strangely interesting. It reveals one of the sad weaknesses of human nature. After men have fought the river day and night for weeks and it seems stronger than ever, a depression settles over many a desirable citizen that is relieved only by the thought that the fight is raging just as fiercely "on the Arkansas side," perhaps a little more fiercely, and if— Action, we are told in physics, is equaled by reaction. If terror strikes deep into the heart of the people of the Mississippi Delta when news of a break on their side reaches them, some feeling of an opposite nature, call it what you will, sets them singing—figuratively, of course—when the tidings of a breach on the Arkansas side are loudly proclaimed among them. One wide break and, as a rule, the campaign is over. The river and the other side win.

Every week we hear rumors of this order:

"A stick of dynamite was found at Avon."

"A bomb was thrown on the levee near Arkansas City. A guard extinguished it just in time. The man who threw it escaped in a boat, headed for the Mississippi side."

"If the river rises much higher, Greenville will blow up the levee ten or fifteen miles down the river."

I put no faith in any of these rumors, but they add greatly to a street-corner discussion of the river situation.

This year the planters on both sides, with the help of the Government and Levee Board engineers, have put up a magnificent fight. But the river has stayed at a record height so long that there can be no relaxing of mind or body. And the longer the battle rages, the greater the damage in case of defeat. It is getting so late in the season now that it is doubtful if the overflowed lands would be free of water in time to grow a crop. The way the Delta man puts it is: "If we must have a break, let it come right now."

And in case of a break all this vast amount of emergency work will be a complete loss. Those sand-bags—millions in number—will have to be replaced by permanent additions to the inadequate earthworks.

The struggle between man and one of God's most terrifying forces—the Father of Waters—is grim, but it fascinates. In time of rising water guards patrol the levees day and night. They are ordered to keep off strangers, to shoot to kill, if necessary.

Upon their patrol they keep a sharp lookout for sand boils. These are spots close to the base of the levee that show cracks, out of which muddy water is beginning to boil. Whenever these are found a little levee of sand-bags is thrown round them. The water is allowed to rise to the height of the river and all pressure is removed.

Water is continually seeping through the levees. So long as it is clear there is no danger. The moment it becomes muddy, however, there is danger, and immediate treatment is required. Branches of trees are cut and laid over these weakened places. Sand-bags are then put upon the branches, and the resulting mat securely holds back the water if made in time.

Whenever boils are threatened, stakes marked by white rags are driven in the ground and the guards are constantly on the alert for the first signs of danger. Every now and then a part of a particularly weak levee will "slough off." Such a condition is critical. If it responds at once to treatment, the situation is saved. But if the levee continues to "slough off," the case is hopeless. The levee will break.

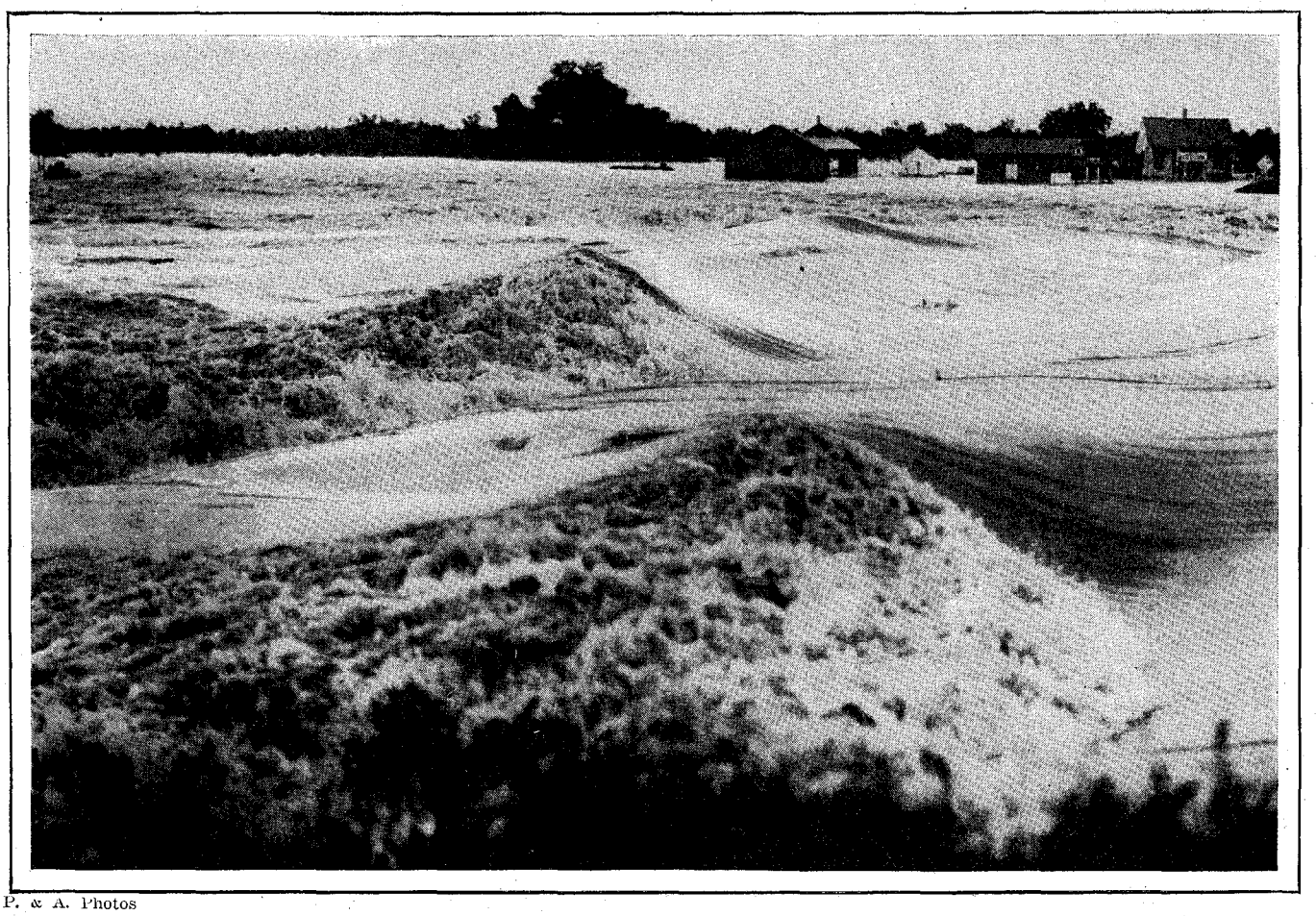
Fortunately, the engineers can usually hold back the water for twelve hours. In that time the people living close to the river can reach safety with their

Photo by J. E. France

A LEVEE THAT IS IN GREAT DANGER OF BEING BREACHED

The scene, near Scott, Mississippi, shows the face of the levee sloughing into the river and carrying the breakwater fence with it. The water is about twenty-five feet higher than the farms at the left which may be seen just over the line of men who are working to save the levee and their homes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



P. & A. Photos

THE "FATHER OF WATERS" AFTER HIS BONDS ARE BROKEN

The photograph shows the Mississippi at Poydras, eleven miles south of New Orleans, and records a victory for the river in the recent floods

stock and at least a part of their personal property. The surface of the river at the time of this writing is higher than the tops of the chimneys of the Negro cabins on the near-by plantations. And yet, in spite of this height and the volume of the escaping waters, their progress in any one direction after they have once broken clear of the levee is slow. They spread out in all directions, seeking the lowest places first. In 1913, when the levee broke three miles north of Mayersville, Issaquena County, Mississippi, it took twelve hours for the water to reach the town.

Many high mounds built by the Indians are scattered about the Delta. Dwellings and barns are built upon some. The others are crowded with neighboring stock in time of overflow.

When the breach is made, the river plows a lake, often one hundred feet in depth, filled with water of the deepest blue.

For several weeks transportation is conducted altogether by boats. In Mayersville and other levee towns every family has its skiff in good order in the back yard, all ready for any emergency.

Most of the larger cities and towns on or near the river have a system of protection levees. Greenville has a particularly efficient system. All that is required in case of need to make it watertight is to close with sand-bags the gaps made by the highways leading out of the city. This the authorities had done at the time of this writing, except for a space on all such highways wide enough to allow one vehicle to pass through.

The people who dwell in the lower part of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta in time of high stage at Vicksburg care very little whether the levee breaks or not. Their lands are overflowed, anyway. The swollen Mississippi sends great volumes of its waters up through the mouth of the Yazoo. Then is seen the strange sight of that river and all its tributaries flowing up stream. That phenomenon is now in full operation. Hundreds of thousands of acres of land are under water—land that, for the most part, had been planted to cotton and corn. Trains running through this section from Vicksburg use tracks upon a high embankment, but each day they arrive later than on the day before. The water is now well up upon the steps of the coaches. When it reaches the firebox of the locomotive, all communication with the outside world will cease except by boat.

The Red Cross and the Government are feeding sufferers in this region. This condition of destitution will be widespread if there should be a break in any part of the Delta sections of the lower Mississippi Valley. And the battle will be won by the side that has the greater endurance. If the river remains high on the levees for many more days, it will surely make a breach. The water will soften the earth until resistance is no longer possible. But if the river soon returns to its normal position the siege will be raised. At best the Delta has only a fighting chance.

As one stands on the top of the levee at such an attractive city as Greenville, watches the terrific flow of the current in midstream, and then looks down upon the busy streets of the peaceful community twenty feet or more below, one cannot help being at least a bit ashamed of one's country. The frail protection against this fearful, sleepless enemy, the makeshift weapons of defense (such as sand-bags and willow branches), the constant danger along these extended levees from the dynamiter! Thoughts of all this come, and then with them the realization that that monster out there, so potential of disaster to a region still prostrate from the effects of the World War, was born hundreds of miles away and nourished and strengthened by nearly all parts of the United States except Mississippi and Louisiana. Surely a Government that can overcome a thousand miles from home the engineering problems of a world-serving canal—problems that baffled the genius of M. de Lesseps—can forever take away from its own people the dread, returning almost every spring, of a flood sent from nearly all the Nation's great watersheds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SICK DAYS

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

We come upon sick days:
The little room
That viewed your endless ways
Is like a tomb.

Lie still and do not move
And hold your breath
And be in life, poor love,
A hint of death.

CLIMBING THE BUSINESS LADDER

AN OPEN LETTER TO GIRLS CONTEMPLATING A BUSINESS CAREER

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

WHEN a writer has been a sufficient number of years before the public, he or she attracts correspondence as a magnet attracts iron-filings, so that the daily mail is always regarded with combined repugnance, hope, and suspicion on its appearance at the morning meal.

It may now and then contain tributes of one sort or another (though these are rare), it may proffer requests for autographs, books for bazaars, manuscripts for an immediate opinion, subscriptions for the needy in all the arts; but it is sure to hold appeals for advice on a bewildering variety of subjects, ranging from choice of diets to unhappy marriages.

So when two requests drifted in last week for a message to several hundreds of young men and women studying in business high schools and colleges of the country I read them with calmness, tinged with some surprise that I had been approached on this especial topic.

Speaking dispassionately, I think I am safe in saying that I have less business capacity than any other prose writer of my acquaintance. Still, the subject kept recurring to my mind, and I began thinking just what I should say and just how I should say it were I to agree to the artless proposal of one of these institutions, that I should come and talk to the students and that my railway fare would be paid if necessary.

Accordingly I gradually accumulated a few scattered ideas, based entirely upon the apparent lack of social experience or the manifest indifference to ordinary social usage that I daily encounter in shops, professional and business offices, with clerks, maids, telephone and telegraph operators, and others; and now that I have marshaled them into line it appears to me that they may be of some service to the young persons who have so innocently counted on my superior knowledge.

Were I forced into a business career myself (I certainly should never be invited!), these, I think, would be the articles of my creed:

First, I would cultivate good English speech, at any or all hazards, as a subject of paramount importance. The needs of business are best met by a liberal education. If you have not had it, no one can prevent your getting it in off hours. There is something called, probably for the sake of convenience, "Commercial English." I may be making myself disliked as well as misunderstood, but I protest that there is only one sort of good English. I know that there are certain "forms" to be followed in business correspondence, and am thankful that one need not, at least, begin letters to husbands, lovers, and friends, "Yours of the 15th at hand and contents noted." But all forms are capable of slight differentiation, and you will find some time that the members of a firm say, for instance, "Miss X writes an uncommonly good letter." What does that mean? Something more, certainly, than that she always follows a stereotyped form, whatever the occasion. Miss X, in learning how to write, probably first learned how and what to read. Perhaps Miss X knew the difference between literature and "reading matter" before she thought of a business career. Miss X may have had a vision of "style," and when in some crisis she was given a free hand by her superior officer may have used it in transmitting his messages and wishes, his thanks, or even his downright anger in being asked to do, or agree to, something or other. Business men undoubtedly exist who think that any statement of facts or conditions, however expressed, phrased, spelled, or punctuated, will serve, but I beg those of you who may soon be in supernumerary positions or in those of considerable responsibility to remember that the command of language is always a source of efficiency and power. Know as much as possible of mathematics, physiology, history, geography, or what not, as your position demands or your desire for general information dictates, but know how to speak and write *delightfully* (I refuse to limit you to the word "correctly") and you will never be unemployed or poorly paid.

Second, I would cultivate good manners. They cost next to nothing and anybody can acquire them—at least almost anybody. It is unfortunately true that manners refuse to grow on some people. Not all plants bloom; some run to foliage. If I couldn't be a "blooming plant" (the word in this connection means to me grace and distinction), I would try for "foliage." That would emphasize many things; for example, proper deference to elders and superiors. I use the word advisedly—superiors do exist, and it is discreet to recognize them when you see them; I think we are all a little near-sighted in this matter in America. It would include also patience and teachableness, adopting a happy attitude towards work, and a tendency to smile when saying, "Certainly," instead of remarking, "All right," and banging the door.

I should not chew gum (pardon the unpleasant suggestion!), no matter how much it added to the joy of life or the relief of boredom. If any one chances to ask what relation exists between gum-chewing and good manners, I will answer at once, "None at all," and leave the questioner to reach his own conclusions as to my meaning.

All these highly informal suggestions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

include, it is true, only the dullest of the virtues, to be cultivated by fasting and prayer; they count most decidedly, but, after all, they do not embrace the asset of assets, a certain something we call "charm."

I do not say that this can be acquired, for undoubtedly charmers are born, not made, and when one makes a heroic effort to be charming it results in miserable failure. Self-forgetfulness, rather than self-consciousness, begets charm. Do not make the mistake of believing that it is born wholly of physical beauty or magnetism. Positive ugliness is quite capable of revealing it. Good speech, sincerity, gracious manners (natural, not artificial), all these combined, are a fair substitute for that mysterious quality that the fairies sometimes bring to the cradle of the newborn child. I don't know why this particular Charm Fairy is so negligent in her attendance at birthday parties, but that she is both indolent and indifferent is a deplorable fact. She is unprejudiced, however, for the cradles of employers are not visited by her any more regularly than those of employees. I am inclined to think, when all is said on this subject, that the old Negro was right when he prayed, "Lord, let me so lib dat when I die I may hab manners!" and when in pessimistic mood I am disposed to the conviction that only death will bring manners to some people.

Third, we must add *tact* to good speech and good manners, and analyze it sufficiently to realize that it need not mean flattery, hypocrisy, or evasion of the truth. One can be upright, honorable, and sincere, as well as tactful, if one is sufficiently intelligent to manage the combination. There is never any need of calling attention, for instance, to a person's lack of hair if he or she has nice eyes and a good nose. Telling the whole truth means to many people a desire to be particularly disagreeable. Too wide a reputation for "frankness" often calls up a picture of a man or woman heartily disliked and consistently avoided. I am speaking of social tact, but if it is exercised in one sphere of life it is likely to be exercised in all.

Fourth, I should be ambitious to achieve all possible knowledge in my especial line; but in conveying it to my customers, clients, or patrons, and, for that matter, to my friends, I should endeavor to avoid arrogance, vanity, and undue self-complacency. There is a very delicate point involved here, although no thick-skinned person ever feels it. There is an astonishing amount of (recently acquired) information delivered in a pedantic, platform sort of manner to persons who were instructed before you were born. Assume that your audience knows as much as you do until it eagerly cries for more light on the particular subject. Do not tell anybody when America was discovered, or the Civil War was fought, or when Shakespeare was born, but recall the dates to the memory very casually in passing. I find myself constantly referring to social usages and forgetting business; but are not the faculties we cultivate in one sphere quite as effective in another? In business we are dealing with human beings, after all.

There are people in the world who can convince you and win your confidence in three minutes by voice, speech, manner, and by putting a case simply, effectively, modestly, yet with an evidently complete knowledge of the subject. I allow that this is magnetism, or genius, or something resembling both; but there is no use in aiming at a blackberry bush when there are the trees for a target, to say nothing of the stars.

Fifth, I should certainly strive for success, but success might not necessarily mean an enormous income.

It would mean saying quietly to yourself (not shouting it from the housetops): "I will not be a 'second' or 'third rater' in my own opinion or that of others, if I can help it. Perseverance and industry accompanied by a great desire will carry me somewhere near the top of the ladder, even if I never reach those last rounds which are mostly occupied by geniuses."

All the work of the world is not done by geniuses. Some of it is achieved by talent, persistence, courage, patience, fidelity, and endurance; and scarcely any of it can be traced to "luck." Very likely there is such a thing as luck, but it begins before one's birth, perhaps before the birth of one's grandfather. At any rate, we must not count upon it; indeed, we must discount it from the beginning. Believe from the very start that it will never be from the outside, but from within, that success, achievement, and happiness will come. Make the weak points strong, of course; try to find your real vocation in which you can work joyfully as well as usefully. Do not imitate anybody, however admirable. The world does not need "copies"—men and women covered with rubber stamps; it needs *you*, the real you, with all there is in you! If you go deep enough, you are always likely to find unsuspected "stuff" that belongs exclusively to you, modest as it may be. This is your birthright, and the best of it is that it grows, instead of diminishing, by use.

PALIMPSEST

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

Is it not strange to think that you alone
Could clear the page—renew the luster—find
Under the obvious, the long unknown
And secret perfect writings of the mind?
Thus in an idle hour you can erase
All blacker words, set broadly to obscure
What lies beneath, whose substance has no place
Among new ways that will not long endure.

I wonder, when you read the script aright,
Untwist the intricate and complex theme
To make it clear before your inner sight,
If you will stand inscrutably; and dream
(Vaguely perhaps, the thought unformed, unsaid)
How it were better if you had not read?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREENHORN WITHIN OUR GATES

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

IN a small house that was identical with hundreds of other small houses in a New Jersey town there lived two Polish families, Zielinski and Dombrowski, the first of which boasted a fair regiment of small children. The other couple had not been married long.

There were two bedrooms upstairs; in one slept the Zielinski brood, in the other the Dombrowskis. The parlor and kitchen downstairs were shared. The only heat in the house came from a kitchen stove, and the only washing facility was the kitchen sink. And it was winter and very, very cold.

Into this nest of concentrated domesticity I arrived late one night, dressed in the garb of an immigrant, apparently straight from the "old country." This was the first stage in a white slave investigation that I had been asked to undertake by a committee of prominent citizens in this town. Two Polish girls had gone astray, and it was my mission to find out how that had happened. I was to seek employment in a local cigar factory, to which most immigrants drifted, and, as my best introduction would come from some local immigrant family, the address of the Zielinskis had been obtained.

A member of the committee made a discreet visit to the family to make certain that the living conditions would not be too intolerable, and then I acted on my knowledge of immigrant psychology. Passing through Ellis Island via the Commissioner's Office, I sent a telegram to the Zielinskis announcing my arrival, and, though they had never heard of me, Messrs. Zielinski and Dombrowski went to the station at midnight to meet me.

There was intense excitement in the little house at the arrival of a "greenhorn," and my rather weak "story" was never doubted: I was taken into the bosom of the families.

"Go to bed with us," said Mrs. Zielinski after I had repeated my carefully rehearsed life history for the third time; "to-morrow we'll fix you up."

Exhausted by the journey and the excitement, I was glad to lie down on the cot Mrs. Zielinski prepared for me in the family bedroom, and, since nobody undressed, propriety was duly observed. But the night was not a restful one. The four children snored in four different keys, since all had colds, and the parents also snored, and my body rebelled at the clothing I wore. And the stuffiness of that room! The air seemed too thick to enter my lungs, and I gasped through the night in a semi-wakeful condition, tired and yet anxious for morning.

It was still dark when Zielinski and Dombrowski *pères* went to work; the children were also despatched to school, and finally Mrs. Zielinski turned her critical eye on me.

"You're in America now," were her first words as she surveyed my pale-green dress with its three pathetic frills around the bottom; "you must be properly dressed. We'll get you a suit."

She wanted to be kind, and she stirred nervously a warm fluid christened "coffee" before breaking the whole truth to me.

"That coat of yours won't do," and she glanced at my good woolen coat with its thick cotton padding, "and we'll get you some nice American shoes."

Thus were my soft Russian shoes, good for either foot, with brass tips to the laces, condemned.

I was being Americanized, and meekly I followed Mrs. Zielinski. My coat was apparently so disgraceful that to prevent its being seen in the street again she lent me her big shawl. But as we walked to the store along the wind-swept street I shivered and secretly wished for the coat made as a protection against the Russian winter. It was my first step towards becoming an American.

We shopped in one of those stores that carry everything from wedding gowns to cosmetics and jewelry, where everything is expensive and worthless. Mrs. Zielinski bargained. A black-serge suit was finally bought for $7. After a bitter struggle, which I won only by a plea of low funds, I retained my Russian shoes; there is a limit to Americanization, and mine was cheap American shoes. Finally my outfit was complete.

At lunch time the children rushed in from school, and I got my first English lesson.

"Patetos," Johnny repeated vigorously, pointing at the dish of boiled potatoes over which lard had been spread plentifully.

That was another source of discomfort to me—the food. I could not swallow the lard, which was apparently the American substitute for that most delectable titbit of the Slavs, salted pig fat. But what a difference!

That afternoon I slipped out, ostensibly for a walk, and kept my appointment with the committee woman, who was to act as liaison officer between me and the world.

"I'm starving!" were my first words. "Please bring me some sandwiches and fruit. I'll live on that until some better means of feeding can be devised."

That evening the families planned my fate. I was to go to work in the cigar factory, and cousin Annie, who worked there, was to take me. Without any effort on my part, the plan was working out as we wanted it.

"All greenhorns work there," Mr. Zielinski explained to me. "You're now in America, and must make money."

I was permitted to rest another day, during which I had a good meal of sandwiches and fruit in place of the indispensable "patetos," and on the third day after my arrival cousin Annie called for me at 6:30 A.M. on the way to the cigar factory.

I was entered automatically; I was not expected to know anything; no questions were asked. Within ten minutes I was put at a cigar machine and a Jewish foreman started teaching me to roll cigars, using a dozen Polish words he had learned for the occasion. There were five or six other greenhorns with me—great big, thick, apple-faced Slavs (Poles and Slovaks), all shiny in their new American clothes.

"Look at the other girls," said Annie to me at lunch; "they have ribbons in their hair. You must do the same."

So I bought some ribbon, and made two bunches of bows and pinned them on my head.

I was a full-fledged American.

My subsequent efforts during this investigation were directed towards the evasion of further Americanization; it was too uncomfortable. Fortunately, the attempts did not go beyond my clothes, food, and work.

In two weeks' time my nose started bleeding from the fine tobacco dust. The apple-faced country girls naturally stood the strain better than I did. But it was noticeable that those who had worked for any length of time were pale and pasty-faced. Annie used rouge plentifully on Sundays to overcome this; but, as she earned as much as $15 a week, she was considered a success.

I do not know what America had to give beyond what I got. Judging by the girls at the factory, none received more than I had. It was cheap clothes and work from seven in the morning until six at night, congestion in the homes, and fearful food. And I was paid $3.50 per week while learning. In three weeks I was put on piece-work and my wages dropped even lower, but, as I left about this time, I do not know how long it would have taken me to work up to a living wage. Incidentally, the investigation disclosed no organized evil; just a few girls transgressing against the accepted laws of society.

On Sundays there was church and an occasional ball, where most of the girls and boys lined up shyly along the walls, as far from each other as space permitted. Of course Americanization finally overcame this diffidence and "Americans" danced the shimmy without any formal introductions.

And my case was typical of thousands of others and in no way exceptional.

I can feel the rising anger of my readers at this picture of what America gives. I remember my own indignation, and also my attempt to change conditions. My efforts were directed toward organizing evening schools for the teach-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing of English to "greenhorns;" Slavs received my special attention.

There was a colony of Russians living in New York, in the Fortieth Streets near Tenth Avenue; the girls worked in a neighboring candy factory, so their evenings were free. I induced half a dozen of them to attend school, made arrangements about a location, and, finally, on the opening night came around for the girls, who were to assemble in the home of one of the group. I had already discovered that girls would not go to school of their own accord, but had to be taken there until the habit formed.

"All ready," I announced, entering the tenement room, crowded with men and girls.

A spirit of hilarity reigned, and I sensed a change of spirit.

"Well—I'll go," hesitated Marussia, a brown-eyed immigrant.

"A grown-up girl go to school!" came the chorus from the assembled young men.

Marussia colored violently. These young men meant a great deal to her. It was public opinion, and she could not ignore it.

A discussion started, and it developed that those assembled saw no advantages in learning English, and especially in reading and writing.

"They'll learn what's necessary in the factory," announced the oldest "American" in the room.

My school never materialized.

With the Poles and Slovaks my difficulties were of another nature; they usually worked as servants, and could not get off evenings. Tackling the employers did not help much, so finally I built up some classes among girls who had been here long enough to be promoted into the dishwashing class—which meant free evenings.

An Italian friend had a different experience with her Italian charges; it was neither public opinion nor working conditions—it was mothers who opposed her efforts. Few Italian girls come to distant relatives, as do the Slavs; most of them come to their parents. The Italian mother is wise; she allows her daughter no freedom, permits her no evening pleasures unless she is also present as duenna, and watches her on the streets.

My friend had to win the confidence of the mothers and take her pupils to and from the school. Gradually the mothers became used to the idea and the girls were permitted to travel together.

And yet how glibly Americanization enthusiasts discuss that much overworked term; they think it is sufficient to hang out the shingle, "Free Evening School, Come In," and the line will form around the block. It takes experience or a European background to realize that the peasant immigrant is happy in his ignorance. In fact, he despises education.

A friend of mine had idealistic dreams of educating his workers—only it was not called Americanization, because the mines he owned were in the Carpathian Mountains. The people were ignorant, and he decided that they ought to learn to read and write, and, being a man of advanced thought, he opened the school both for men and women.

He rented a room and heated it. He hired a teacher and sent enthusiasts to advertise the school.

The opening night a few women turned up with children. They sat around gossiping, unrestrainedly nursing their babies; it was an improvement to exchange the news of the day in this nice, warm room.

No lesson was possible. So my friend decided that he would have to make a special appeal to the men. Very little investigation disclosed the fact that the men spent their evenings in the inns, drinking.

Being a practical enthusiast, my friend bought a barrel of the favorite brand and had that delivered to the school. The attendance that evening was encouraging. The lesson started. But soon one man slipped out into the hall, where the barrel stood. Another followed, and before the hour had passed the entire class was exchanging merry jests outside the schoolroom. Those crude peasants did not even have the politeness to pretend a love of learning.

The school was closed.

It is this lack of understanding of the European peasant which rouses my opposition to most Americanization schemes. If wearing store clothes and working in a factory is "Americanism," it would be an easy task. But to me "Americanization" is just a synonym for "civilization," and it takes more than a few evenings a week in evening school to inculcate the elements of humanness. Did the Zielinskis care anything about my welfare? No. They saw board money in me. That was all. For when I drifted away and disappeared they started no search. And yet they had been in America ten years and their children were "Americans."

It takes more than one generation to develop imagination and sensitiveness, and, without these, projection outside one's ego is impossible. And it takes more than just attendance at evening school to get the impetus towards something higher, towards that which, to me, is included in the word "Americanization."

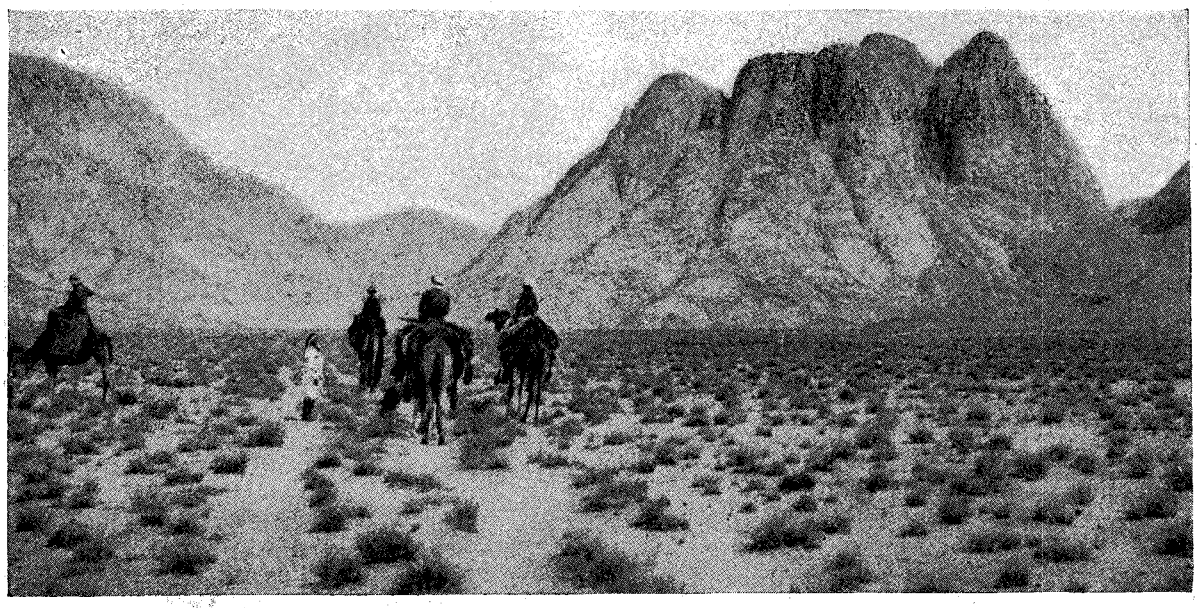
NATALIE DE BOGORY (RIGHT) WITH AN IMMIGRANT FRIEND

A tintype taken by a street photographer while Miss de Bogory was learning her American ropes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ISRAEL—A WANDERER IN THE DESERT AND A STRANGER AT HOME

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Dr. W. T. Ellis, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

"THE MOUNTAIN OF THE FIRE," SINAI, AND THE TRADITIONAL PLAIN ON WHICH THE ISRAELITES ENCAMPED WHILE MOSES WAS ON THE MOUNTAIN

From Rev. Amos I. Dushaw, Brooklyn, New York

THE NEW SET OF JEWISH BOYS IN JERUSALEM—THE CHILDREN OF RECENT IMMIGRANTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK TABLE

PADRAIC COLUM, POET AND PLAYWRIGHT

BY LLOYD R. MORRIS

SOME years ago, in writing about Padraic Colum's verse, I said that he is just as surely the poet of the future as Yeats is the poet of the past in Ireland. The suggested comparison is one which Mr. Colum, with characteristic modesty, would be the first to repudiate, yet the publication of each successive book from his pen lends additional force to the conclusion. He is primarily a poet, and poetry to him is so unconsciously an invariable and natural function of life that its special insight is what chiefly informs the whole range of his writing.

The range of his art is both extensive and various; verse, the drama, the retelling of Greek and Norse and Gaelic legend, prose fiction, and the criticism of literature are the forms in which his dedication to a passionate and sustained mood of beauty has been accomplished. In this procession of the spirit his new Anthology of Irish poetry[1] takes definite place. It is an exceptionally important book because it is the first to reveal the distinctively racial moods of the Irish spirit through the themes of racial life and tradition which Irish literature has illuminated. In doing this it offers us both a picture of racial experience and an interpretation of its quality and significance, and the value of such ministration to readers who have been moved by the unique magic that is in modern Irish literature can scarcely be overestimated. It is a book to be treasured and loved by readers familiar with Irish literature; but it should appeal even more profoundly to those whose acquaintance is less intimate. Not to have shared deeply in this poetic experience is to have ignored access to a rare and noble beauty.

"Irish poetry," says Mr. Colum in the introductory essay to his Anthology, "begins with a dedication—a dedication of the race to the land." He is thinking here of the myth of the Milesian invasion, and of the symbolic gesture of Amergin, the poet, who invoked the land before the first ship touched its shore. To many of us this gesture of invocation is more profoundly immanent in the verse of Padraic Colum than in that of any other contemporary Irish poet. I have spoken of his dedication to a mood of beauty; more exactly, it is a dedication to the land, and the beauty lies in its superb ecstasy, its passion, its lyric loveliness. When, in 1904, A. E. made his now famous anthology of verse by the younger generation of Irish writers, he chose as the opening poem in the volume a portrait of "A Poor Scholar of the 'Forties,'" by Mr. Colum, then a youth of twenty-three. It was a poem which made literary history in Dublin; indeed, the latest chronicler of the memoirs of the renascence has told in his book how W. B. Yeats went about enthusiastically quoting its lines. More importantly, it sounded the note of dedication which recurs in all of Mr. Colum's earlier poems, though with a peculiar wistfulness, as the reader may discover:

My eyelids red and heavy are
With bending o'er the smoldering peat.
I know the Æneid now by heart,
My Virgil read in cold and heat,
In loneliness and hunger smart.
And I know Homer, too, I ween,
As Munster poets know Oisin.

And I must walk this road that winds
'Twixt bog and bog, while east there lies
A city with its men and books,
With treasures open to the wise,
Heart-words from equals, comrade-looks;
Down here they have but tale and song,
They talk Repeal the whole night long.

"You teach Greek verbs and Latin nouns,"
The dreamer of Young Ireland said.
"You do not hear the muffled call,
The sword being forged, the far-off tread
Of hosts to meet as Gael and Gall[2]—
What good to us your wisdom store,
Your Latin verse, your Grecian lore?"

And what to me is Gael or Gall?
Less than the Latin or the Greek—
I teach these by the dim rush-light
In smoky cabins night and week.
But what avail my teaching slight?
Years hence, in rustic speech, a phrase,
As in wild earth a Grecian vase!

Mr. Colum continued writing verse, but it was not until 1907 that he collected some of his poems into a little volume which took its title, "Wild Earth," from the last line of the poem quoted above. It indicates his sensitive and fastidious self-criticism that the first edition of "Wild Earth" contains but twenty-five poems. But in those twenty-five poems are to be found the most exquisite beauty revealed by any Irish poet since the very early poems of W. B. Yeats.

"Wild Earth" sums up Mr. Colum's dedication; it deals with the land and with the life of the Irish peasantry, and it does so with an objective vision and a sense of reality unequaled by any other Irish writer of this generation. There is a curious suggestion in these poems of the Gaelic way of thought and the color and cadence of Gaelic speech. There is the vivid, unsophisticated imagery, the vigorous delight in adventure, in nature, in physical beauty, which are so characteristic of Gaelic folk poetry. And in them one finds a caressing rhythm, a singing, lyrical magic natively Irish, to be sure, but quite unique with Mr. Colum's verse. Here, for example, is his poem about "A Drover:"

To Meath of the pastures
From wet hills by the sea
Through Leitrim and Longford
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
Their slipping and breathing—
I name them the by-ways
They're to pass without heeding;

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter.

O! farmer, strong farmer!
You can spend at the fair;
But your face you must turn
To your crops and your care.

And soldiers—red soldiers!
You've seen many lands;
But you walk two by two
And by captain's commands.

O! the smell of the beasts,
The wet wind in the morn;
And the proud and hard earth
Never broken for corn;

And the crowds at the fair,
The herds loosened and blind,
Loud words and dark faces
And the wild blood behind.

(O! strong men, with your best
I would strive breast to breast,
I could quiet your herds
With my words, with my words.)

I will bring you, my kine,
Where there's grass to the knee;
But you'll think of scant croppings
Harsh with salt of the sea.

Mr. Colum's specific contribution to the poetry of the Irish renascence is notable; he is the only poet who has written of the peasant by building his art from the inside. He has brought into literature the distinctively racial element in contemporary Irish experience, for it is the country people of whom he writes that are the inheritors and the continuators of the purely racial tradition. The memory dwells willingly on the simple, naïve, and natural beauty of his poems, on their sensitive perception, the romantic, passionate symbolization of the land that is in them, on their celebration of the magic and wonder and adventure of familiar daily life.

Before Mr. Colum's verse had become widely known he had already achieved a considerable reputation as a dramatist. By 1902 he had written and published two plays, one of which, "The Saxon Shillin'," was produced with

[1] Anthology of Irish Verse. Edited with an introduction by Padraic Colum. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

[2] "Gall," Mr. Colum tells us, is the equivalent of the Grecian βάρβαροι. It includes all who are not Gaels.—The Editors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great success during the following year. That year likewise saw the production by the Irish National Theater Company, of which he was one of the founders, of his play "Broken Soil." It is a curious coincidence that three playwrights destined to establish what have subsequently proved to be the enduring traditions of the Irish drama—Padraic Colum, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge—should have received their initial productions within a few weeks of each other. Of the dozen plays which Mr. Colum wrote before coming to the United States eight years ago, only "The Land," "The Fiddler's House," "Thomas Muskerry," "The Miracle of the Corn" (an exquisitely poetic dream play in one act), and a vividly colored Eastern fable entitled in the Irish edition "The Desert," and in the American "Mogu the Wanderer," have been published in book form.

The tradition in contemporary Irish drama inaugurated by Padraic Colum's plays is that of the realistic study of peasant life. In fact, it is the example of his plays, rather than those of Synge, which has furnished a method and a technique to later playwrights like Lennox Robinson and St. John Ervine. "The Land," "The Fiddler's House," and "Thomas Muskerry" are powerful and veritable pictures of life in the Irish Midlands. At one time, Mr. Colum has told us, he contemplated writing a series of plays which together would form a *comédie humaine* of Irish life through all the social stages, and the triad of plays just mentioned partly fulfills that ambition. In them he has created three characters who stand as primary types: Murtagh Cosgar, the peasant; Conn Hourican, the artist; and Thomas Muskerry, the petty official. His first interest as a dramatist is, however, neither character nor atmosphere, but situation. "The dramatist," he tells us in the prefatory note to one of his plays, "is concerned not primarily with the creation of character, but with the creation of situations. For character conceived as a psychological synthesis he has only a secondary concern. His main effort is always towards the creation of situations that will produce a powerful impression on an audience, for it is situation that makes the strongest appeal to our sympathies." In the three plays of contemporary Irish life the central situation arises from the life of the family, into which the characters have put their spiritual and physical energy. But in the effort to regain an independent existence, to control individually their own experience, each of the characters is confronted by another with a conflicting purpose. In "Thomas Muskerry," an ironic tragedy that seems almost a "King Lear" of Irish village life, it is the happiness of the grandfather that is sacrificed to the selfishness of the younger generation; in "The Land" it is the vigorous and trained younger generation which deserts the bleak toil of the hardly won farm for the bright lure of America, leaving the soil to the witless and inefficient; in

PADRAIC COLUM

"The Fiddler's House" it is the father, with the artist's temperament and a deep-rooted impatience of domesticity, who destroys the home and happiness of his elder daughter. To that extent the plays have a common theme. But the life of the family, although it sets the terms of the situation, is not the sole motivating cause of action in the plays. Love of the land, love for the free life of a wanderer on the roads, the rebellion of youth against tradition and the grim dominion of hardship, love of woman, these are the factors which determine and modify the experience that Mr. Colum reveals in his plays. In these plays he has given us the first realistic drama in the contemporary English-speaking theater. It is not the adventitious realism of Pinero or the photographic realism of American playwrights. It is a realism which derives its power to move us from a profound faithfulness not only to the outward reality of circumstance but to the inward reality of the spirit. And in that quality are demonstrated the clarity and the depth of his poetic insight.

Since Mr. Colum's arrival in the United States some years ago he has written eight volumes in which he has retold the cycle of Odysseus and that of the Argonauts, the myths of the Children of Odin, the legend of Cinderella, a number of the most beautiful of the Gaelic legends and other charming folk tales. Ostensibly the eight books are written for children, but it is something other than the eternal child that is in all of us or the enduring, eager youth that is in Mr. Colum which explains the spell of these books upon the minds of adult readers. It is, I think, the poetry of his versions of these tales, the unsophisticated attitude of wonder, the joyous ecstasy in beauty, that are equally implicit in his verse.

What perhaps is most important in Mr. Colum's art, its essentially dynamic quality, is fundamentally characteristic of the man's spirit. His accomplished work, the early verse, the plays, the legends, and the critical writing represent a vital contribution to contemporary literature. But the promise of his future writing is even greater than what he has already accomplished; in power and significance his art is conquering new dominions. The volume of recent poems which is soon to be forthcoming and a volume of fiction will reveal the familiar magic and the grave beauty which he has taught us to expect, but they will bring us likewise a loveliness and a power that are new.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

INCOME IN THE UNITED STATES (THE). By the Staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research, Incorporated: Wesley C. Mitchell, Willford I. King, Frederick R. Macaulay, Oswald W. Knauth. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.50.

This is a valuable volume, especially in this day of particular searchings of statistics by the average man. For the Government's new budget system has developed more interest than ever in such questions as these:

What is the size of our National income?

What is the size of our per capita income?

Is not our per capita income larger than that of any other country?

Was not most of the increase in our National income during the war due to the rise of prices?

Did not our participation in the war diminish somewhat the inequality in the distribution of American incomes?

The evident aim of the authors of this volume is to aid those who would determine the adequacy of our production to meet our living needs. The size of the surplus over the minimum amount necessary to support life is given particular attention in this book; it is from this surplus that our taxes, investments, and higher standards of life are drawn

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

IN HIS IMAGE. By William Jennings Bryan The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York $1.75.

This book is divided into two nearly equal parts: the first four lectures are controversial theology, the last five are lay sermons. Controversial theology at its best is not of much value; the controversialist is more anxious to win a victory than to expound the truth, and generally neither understands nor interprets his opponent correctly. Mr Bryan lacks definition. He glorifies faith without telling us what he means by faith, insists that the Bible is "the very Word of God" without defining "Word of God," and urges the divinity of Christ in apparent ignorance of the widely different meanings which have been attached to that phrase. He treats evolution and Darwinism as synonyms, avers that "as a rule, however, the so-called higher critic is a man without spiritual vision," in ignorance of the fact that such men as Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, and George Adam Smith accepted and employed in their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ministry the results of the so-called "higher criticism;" and affirms that "the Bible is either the work of God or the work of man," while his Bible tells him in explicit language that it is the work of both. The other five lectures are not controversial. They are really directed to a ministry to "the Larger Life." These lay sermons exemplify his belief that one may have both a good heart and a trained mind, but, if compelled to choose between the two, the good heart should be the choice; and in them he makes good use of his power of popular expression in urging on his hearers the advantage of Christ's leadership in the "Larger Life," the "Value of the Soul," the importance of education, and some of the secrets of success in the use of "The Spoken Word"—that is, oratory.

RABBONI. By Anthony C. Deane. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

"Rabboni" is a clear and fairly comprehensive analysis of Christ's teaching. It is by a clergyman of the Church of England and in its main points conforms to the doctrinal views of that Church, but it is remarkably free from scholastic theology and wholly free from controversy. We do not think that such theological terms as Trinity, Atonement, Vicarious Sacrifice, Regeneration, Apostolic Succession, anywhere occur in its pages. It is the result of careful and intelligent first-hand study and contains some suggestive and illuminating hints. But it is not characterized by any remarkable freshness or originality of thought. It would be useful but not exceptionally appealing to the lay reader.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

LIVES OF POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS. By Sarah K. Bolton. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

SKIPPER OF THE CYNTHIA B. (THE). By Charles Pendexter Durell. Illustrated. The Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass. $1.50.

WHEN POLLY WAS EIGHTEEN. By Emma C. Dowd. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.90.

POETRY

POEMS AND PORTRAITS. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

EDUCATIONAL

MORE BEETLES. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALPINE SKI-ING AT ALL HEIGHTS AND SEASONS. By Arnold Lunn. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

AMATEUR'S BOOK OF THE DAHLIA (THE). By Charles H. Stout. Introduction by Mrs. Francis King. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $3.

ASSETS OF THE IDEAL CITY. By Charles M. Fassett. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.50.

TRAINING OF A SECRETARY (THE). By Arthur L. Church. (Lippincott's Training Series.) Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.75.

WILLS, ESTATES, AND TRUSTS. A Manual of Law, Accounting, and Procedure, for Executors, Administrators, and Trustees. By Thomas Conyngton, Harold C. Knapp, and Paul W. Pinkerton. 2 vols. The Ronald Press Company, New York. $8.

They Fight Film—

They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists almost the world over. Used by careful people of some forty races. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 854

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 987, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAIL BAG

VERY NICE FOR HAROLD T. PULSIFER, THE EDITOR, BUT SORT OF HARD ON HAROLD T. PULSIFER, THE POET

I

DEAR MR. PULSIFER:

I have read your article on "Poets" in the April 26 Outlook.

I should think an editor would want to set the dog on a poet or throw him downstairs. *Q.*—Why do poets wear long hair? *A.*—Because they have not the price of a hair-cut. They live in a garret on account of a depleted purse; look thin and skinny because of a slim diet. Their average composition is worth about 30 cents.

C. G. ARNOLD.

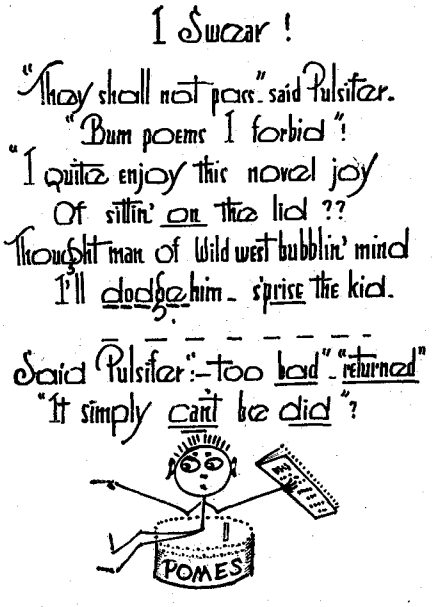
1845 Lincoln Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

P. S.—I wish you would publish the above.

[Not every one who asks us to print a letter can be accommodated. But brevity helps, as in the present case.—THE EDITORS.]

II

AFTER reading Mr. Pulsifer's article on "How Not to Approach an Editor With a Poem," another poet attempted to dodge his vigilant eye by sending his work direct to Dr. Abbott. The verse, however, landed on Mr. Pulsifer's desk and suffered the sad fate of rejection. A postscript to the tragic adventure appeared in the form of an illuminated manuscript which we reproduce below. We regret that it cannot be presented in all the glory of the original color scheme:


I Swear !
"They shall not pass" said Pulsifer.
"Bum poems I forbid"!
"I quite enjoy this novel joy
Of sittin' on the lid ??
Thought that man of Wild west bubblin' mind
I'll dodge him - s'prise the kid.
Said Pulsifer:-too bad" "returned"
"It simply can't be did"?
POMES

Mr. Pulsifer acknowledges the likeness to be excellent, but declares that when he has to return a poem it hurts him more than it does the poet! Poets are privileged to disagree. Undoubtedly they will.—THE EDITORS.

PLEASE SPARE PETER RABBIT!

RECENTLY there has been called to my attention an editorial entitled "When Do We Eat?" which appeared in The Outlook of March 1, and in which you make a plea for the abolition of useless sentimentality. You do me the honor of favorable mention of some of my stories for children, for which I am duly appreciative. At the same time you at least suggest that these animal stories are lacking in truth because my little characters always escape, and thus it is not apparent that their pursuers ever enjoy a square meal. The inference is that I and certain other writers are over-sentimental.

From the view-point of exact science, the criticism may be well founded. You have, however, missed a very vital point. If Reddy Fox should catch Peter Rabbit, tell me, pray, how Peter might be resurrected? The stories do not deal with *the* rabbit, *the* fox, *the* mink, *the* chuck, *the* squirrel, and other characters as species, but as individuals. Obviously there can be but one Peter Rabbit, one Reddy Fox, one Johnny Chuck, and so on. The death of any one of these would be a tragedy. Tragedy enters child life soon enough as it is. Moreover, consider the author. I have, or at least I hope I have, very many more stories of Peter Rabbit and his friends. To kill off any of them would be to end my career as an author of this type of story, and I fear that I, in my turn, would be forced to say, "When do I eat?"

In short, these little friends are individual characters. They are treated as such. In all my work I have endeavored to hold fast to fact and truth. The child understands this. He knows that all too often the rabbit does not escape from the fox or the mouse from the hawk. I endeavor to show this without having the actual tragedy, which is always a shock, bearing in mind that I am writing for little children, who are peculiarly susceptible to such shock as would be involved in the death of those whom they had come to love dearly. You will, I believe, appreciate why the escape is inevitable. If you could see the letters I have from little folk expressing their appreciation of this one fact—the lack of tragedy—and also the scores of letters from parents and teachers containing like expressions, you would understand why a fox and certain others must eat unobserved.

THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

[We only meant to give Mr. Burgess a friendly dig or two. His numerous imitators were the targets at which we chiefly aimed.—THE EDITORS.]

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN was born of a prominent New England family in 1859. After graduating from Abbot Academy, in Andover, Massachusetts, she went with her family to California, where she established the first free kindergartens for poor children on the Pacific coast. She assumed the directorship of the famous Silver Street Kindergartens of San Francisco, and to her inspiration and example were undoubtedly due the rapid and successful growth of Froebel's system of education in the West. Some of her most popular stories—though all are delightful—are "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Timothy's Quest," "Marm Lisa," "Mother Carey's Chickens," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

RICHARD DOUGLAS was a first lieutenant in the Reserve Corps when the United States entered the war. He was promoted to the rank of captain August 15, 1917, and was ordered to France the following May with the 328th Infantry, 82d Division. He was cited in regimental orders as follows:

> This officer successfully commanded his company in the Toul and Pont-à-Mousson fronts, through the Saint Mihiel offensive, and until severely wounded in the Meuse-Argonne offensive he had crossed the shell-swept field east of La Forge, had crossed the Aire River, and was reorganizing an attack against Hill 223. This officer at all times showed great coolness in action and a disregard for his personal safety.

THE REV. FREDERICK W. JONES is in charge of St. Paul's Church, in Hollandale, Mississippi. Before entering the ministry he was a reporter on the New York "Tribune" and the "Evening World," and also an editor on the Providence "Journal."

NATALIE DE BOGORY is a Russian. Her father, Vladimir de Bogory-Morkievitch, was one of the first group of Russian revolutionists. Miss de Bogory came to America ten years ago and carried on extensive investigations among Slavonic immigrants, and has had charge of the Foreign Information Division of the United States Employment Bureau.

LLOYD R. MORRIS is managing editor of the "American Exporter." He has a thorough knowledge of foreign trade, gained partly from his service in the United States Postal Censorship during the war as chief of the Trade Division His real interests are, however, literary He has written a volume on Irish literature entitled "The Celtic Dawn" and has contributed to various magazines.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AGRICULTURE AND THE PERIOD OF RECONSTRUCTION

(EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY W. I. DRUMMOND, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FARM CONGRESS, BEFORE THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE ILLINOIS AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION)

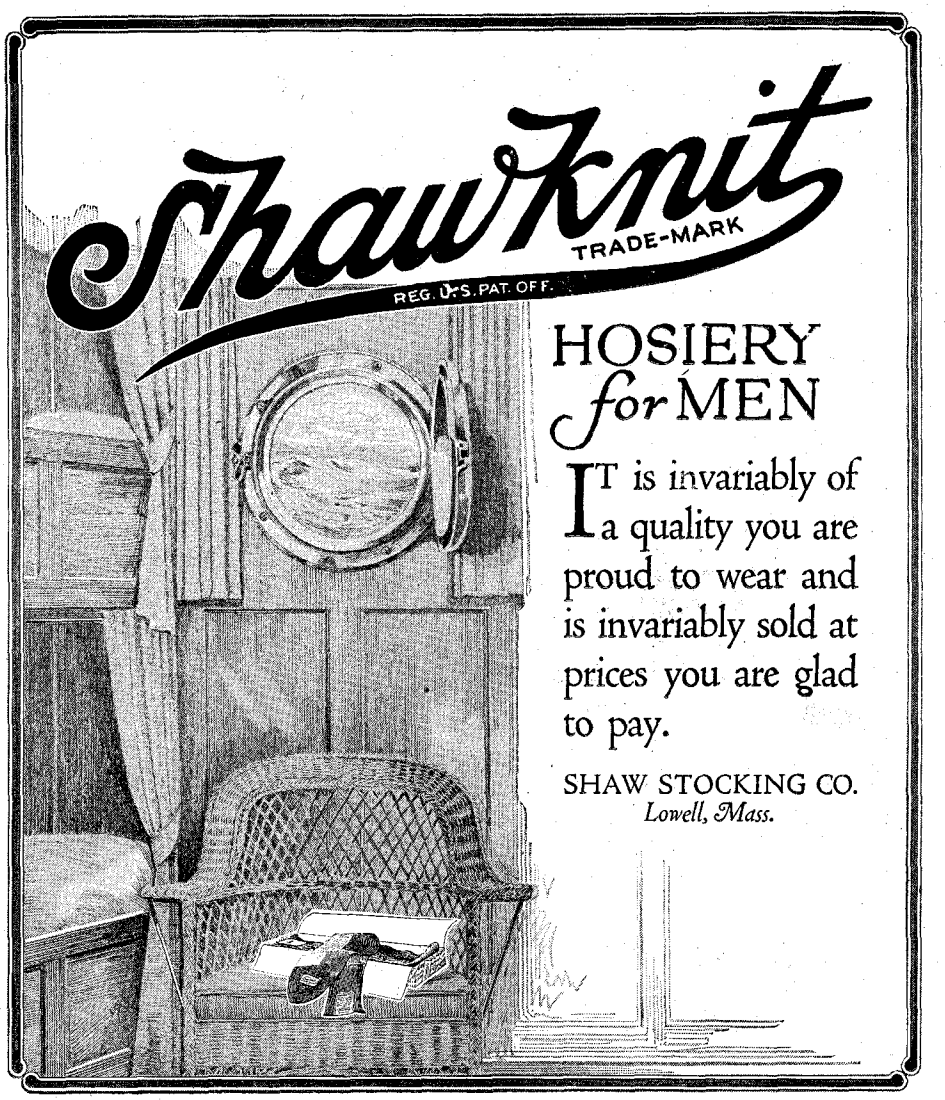
AGRICULTURAL organization activities fall naturally into two principal classes: First, the development of co-operative marketing and buying; second, education and participation in the consideration of economic policies in a general way.

Co-operative marketing is receiving major attention now. It is well that it should. These movements are inclined to follow separate crop or commodity lines. Allied crops, as of several varieties of fruits, seem to fall into workable groups, as may be the case with the grains. It is hardly conceivable that any one organization will successfully handle or attempt to market unrelated crops, as both fruit and grain, or grain and cotton, or competitive crops like oats and rice. The wisdom of confining the activities of this class of organizations strictly to the business of handling the particular crop involved is apparent.

The formation during the past year of co-operative marketing agencies and farmers' business enterprises on a scale never before attempted brings the issue of their success or failure squarely to trial. It cannot be expected that all will succeed. There will be failures. There will be losses. But there is reason to hope and believe that the correct formula, the fundamentally sound plan that can be adopted generally without assuming proportions of monopoly or creaking down of its own weight, may be worked out. There is sustaining consolation in the fact that the public generally recognizes the necessity of co-operation by producers, and welcomes it.

LET'S STAY IN THE MAIN CHANNEL

There is a school of thought which leads toward drawing agriculture apart from the general flow of business and erecting a separate set of institutions for it. This seems dangerous and unwise. Although some of its requirements, as of credits, are in a manner different from those of other industries, there is no good reason for isolating agriculture. It would lose far more than it would gain from separation. Rather, it should be given a larger place in the general business scheme. Proportionate privileges, based on its needs, financial and other institutions serving the general public will be worth far more to agriculture than to provide separate facilities for it which might have to rely upon a restricted field of resources in time of trouble. The isolation of the farmer would mean the creation of a gap between producer and consumer. It would promote suspicion and mistrust. Organized labor has traveled the road of exclusiveness and class


Shawknit
TRADE-MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
HOSIERY for MEN
IT is invariably of a quality you are proud to wear and is invariably sold at prices you are glad to pay.
SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.

THE Pentagon, the newest Gruen Verithin, is a beautiful example of guild craftmanship. Fitted with the famous Gruen Precision movement, and guaranteed to come within railroad time requirements, it gives the highest timekeeping perfection obtainable.
GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Cincinnati, U. S. A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874
THE OLD WAY
VERITHIN WAY
How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch logically thin. It isn't a genuine Verithin unless it is a Gruen.
It won't tip over in the pocket.
No. X51—Pentagon (shape patented) 14 kt. solid green gold, engraved center edge, $100.00. At the leading jewelers.
GRUEN Guild Watches
Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model
Copyright, 1922, The Gruen Watch Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

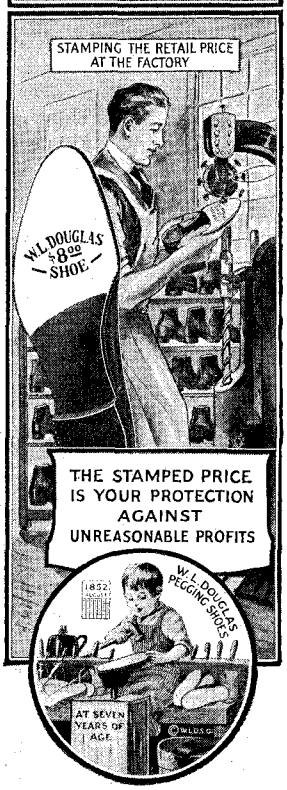
W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

$7.00 & $8.00 SHOES

ALSO MANY STYLES AT $5.00 & $6.00

YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT

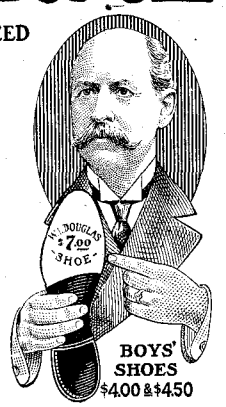

STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE AT THE FACTORY
W.L. DOUGLAS $8.00 SHOE
THE STAMPED PRICE IS YOUR PROTECTION AGAINST UNREASONABLE PROFITS
1852
W. L. DOUGLAS PEGGING SHOES
AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE
CHILDS

W. L. DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED BY MORE THAN FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES

They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

Our $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

Catalog Free.

W. L. Douglas

President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
767 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

"Don't-Snore"

Trade Mark Reg. U. S., Canada, Gt. Britain, Patents
STOPS SNORING. STOPS MOUTH BREATHING
Sent on approval to any reliable person.
SIMPLE DEVICE CO., Middleburg, Va., Box 32

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

THE NEW OCEAN HOUSE
Swampscott, Massachusetts

On the exclusive North Shore

A beautiful hotel perfectly appointed, where the comfort and pleasure of its guests are constantly considered. Every guest room connects with private bath. Accommodations for 450. For reservations, write or wire

E. R. Grabow Company, Inc.
E. R. Grabow, President

Twenty years under the same management.

The Hotel de Luxe of New England

TYPEWRITER SALE
FOR SHORT TIME ONLY

$3.00 deposit balance in 12 months.
5 day free trial—5 year guarantee.
No. 9 Oliver, 2 color, back spacer $41.90. No. 10 Remington, late model $59.90. No. 8 Silent L. C. Smith $59.90. No. 10 Royal, late model $59.90. No. 4 Underwood $59.90. *Modern Woodstock* Visible $56.90. *Send $3.00—we will send machine at once, 10% discount cash with order.*

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
177 N. State St. Dept. 12 CHICAGO

"PEANUTS" "SMITHFIELD HAMS"
5 lbs Jumbos, shelled, $1.25

Smithfield Hams, 60c per pound. Parcel Post prepaid
WATKINS BROTHERS, FRANKLIN, VA.

Distinctive Sight Seeing

ROYAL BLUE LINE
MOTOR TOURS

BOSTON · NEW YORK · WASHINGTON
PHILADELPHIA · CHICAGO · HAVANA

Superior Cars, Superior Service
The only way-Interesting-Economical

Maps and Guides free at Tourist Agents or mailed 2¢ for each city. Address

ROYAL BLUE LINE, *Boston, Mass.*

AGRICULTURE AND THE PERIOD OF RECONSTRUCTION *(Continued)*

consciousness far enough to reveal the fallacy of that course.

INTERINDUSTRIAL DEPENDENCY

While it is true that the impairment of the purchasing power of the farmer slows down all lines of business, it is no less a fact that the same misfortune to any other class of citizens has a similar effect. Unemployment in other industries, for instance, quickly affects farm markets and prices. Organized agriculture can never make common cause with organized labor as long as the latter continues its wasteful and restrictive practices and contends for inflated wage scales and the right to curtail productive effort. But unless labor is profitably and continuously employed, the market for farm products is narrowed and prices are depressed. This, in turn, reacts, and still other industries are hit. Disaster to any class or in any industry strikes and rebounds, and strikes again, like an echo in the hills. If for no reason other than self-interest, organized agriculture should do nothing that might work injury to labor, or to any other class or industry. An impoverished customer is of little value. To secure protection against the unrestricted importation of agricultural products, for instance, without at the same time helping to protect our workingmen against the products of cheap labor, paid in depreciated currency, would be both unfair and futile. . . .

PRICE FIXING

The disposition to turn to the Government for immediate and complete relief from economic ills finds expression in many ways. One of these is that it should guarantee that prices will not fall below a fixed minimum. It seems inconceivable that men who are recognized leaders of thought and who have been successful in business would advocate *such an impossible thing, but some* of them are doing so. If any farmer is depending upon the Government to protect him against financial losses, he had better change his occupation. The same is true of any man engaged in any business not under public supervision. The Government will not and cannot do such a thing. Any government might establish minimum prices for farm products but if such prices were higher than those prevailing in the world market it could maintain them only as long as its resources enabled it to absorb agricultural surpluses. That would not be very long even in the case of our own Government if the hazards of financial loss were removed from the business of production.

Were governmental control of prices possible, it would now be in effect throughout the world. The idea is by no means new. It has been tried out in various stages of the world's history. It has always broken down, as it always must.

CREDIT AS A CURE-ALL

The thought that larger and better credit facilities constituted the chief

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

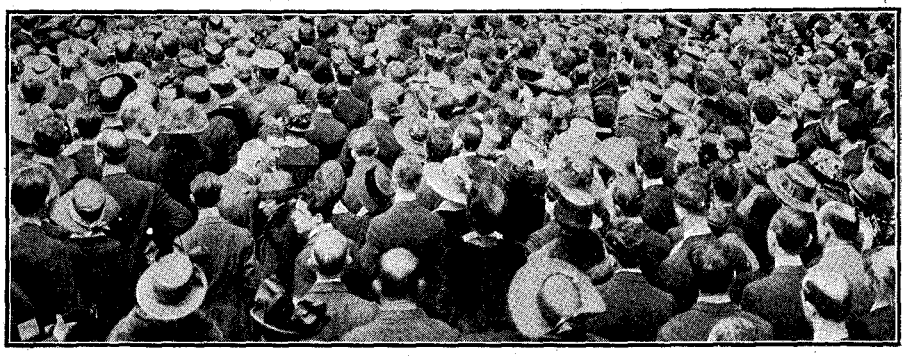
eed of the farmer has prevailed widely. he necessity for adequate credits can- ot be denied. But we have learned two ings, both to our surprise, as results our efforts along this line: The se- ring of the credits from a sympathetic overnment was easy; but even the normous advance of a billion dollars s not measurably helped markets or ices, which any plan of assistance to effective must do. Some farmers, d to a somewhat larger extent some ockmen, are being helped individually, t to many the Government credits ar ly offer a chance to get deeper into bt and postpone an evil day. This ll be particularly true in case farm ices in general do not advance mate- ally before the obligations fall due. e must not overlook the fact that edit, if used, means debt. Debt means terest. Interest means more debt. y-day always comes. Our present ficulties can nearly all be traced to e debts we contracted during the re- t brief but dizzy era of prosperity. e mortgage indebtedness of our farm- has doubled in the past ten years. ey are now up to their chins in per- al obligations. Does it not seem ad- able to try to stop the drift into debt, tead of encouraging it?

Any form of paternalism or Socialism uld be destructive to our agriculture. torians agree that most declining ilizations owed their decline to the lect of their agriculture; but an agri- ture propped up by paternalistic or ss favors is only temporarily saved. h a policy develops individual de- dency and helplessness, whereas the y safe and lasting foundation for iety or any of its branches lies in a -sustaining and resourceful citizen- . It is not possible to do more for man than to secure him against tever might interfere with his rts to help himself or deny him the reward of his own efforts. . . .

CONFIDENCE IS NECESSARY

he action of the farmers in stopping ing was justified, and even neces- . But this is apparently being car- to an extreme that indicates a gen- lack of confidence in the ultimate oration of agricultural prosperity. re is little reason and much danger is. Hoarding is quite as unjustified pending too freely. It is nearly as as going into debt unnecessarily. out confidence in the future, in h the farmer must share, the gen- business machinery cannot again tion properly. Neither fear nor re- ment should be permitted to stand e way of making needful purchases e additional debt is not incurred.

ere is comfort and assurance in the that the most powerful and influen- farm organizations in this country so far not been misled by false omic teachings. They have shown rkable patience and fortitude in a of stress such as might cause a less leadership or a less thoughtful or membership to heed the voices of alism or follow irresponsible dema- es into the quagmires of politics.



The people shown in this picture were photographed on Fifth Avenue, New York, four years ago. How many were afraid? How many things that they feared would happen to them have happened?

Are YOU Afraid?

FEAR is the age-old enemy of the human race. It is just as powerful today as ever! All of us are its victims in some degree. Fear robs us of the happiness and success that should be ours. Fear destroys hope! Fear chills ambition! Fear is the blast that sears and withers souls! Fear is the partner of defeat.

What are you afraid of? Of losing your health? Your money? Your position?

Basil King says, "Everyone is living or working in fear. There is not a home or an office or a factory or a school or a church in which some hang-dog apprehension is not eating at the hearts of men, women, and children." He says this in his new heart-stirring book entitled:

The Conquest of Fear

This inspiring book was written by a man who himself passed through the deep waters of despair and emerged triumphant. Out of his own experiences and experiences that are common to us all, he has created this extraordinary book that vivisects and analyzes that strange illusion we call fear. The good you can get from this book is well-nigh inestimable.

Free Yourself from Fear

The most Extraordinary Non-Fiction Book of the Year!!!

A prominent New York lady recently bought this book. She has ordered ten more copies saying, "*It has helped me so much I must give it to my ten best friends.*"

A woman in Riverdale, R. I., after reading "The Conquest of Fear," wrote to the author and exclaimed, "I want to try and thank you for the comfort and strength it has given me. Now I feel FREE."

A member of a well-known family in Boston wrote Mr. King, "The fact that you have told so much of your own experiences doubles and triples its value. . . . It is the first time that God has been explained to me as a working power in my life."

You can share the happy influence of this powerful book, too!!!

Basil King, the author of this amazing book, has been flooded with letters like these.

Send No Money

Simply mail the coupon below and "The Conquest of Fear" will be sent to you for free examination. At the end of five days, return the book or remit $2.00 in full payment. Also at your booksellers.

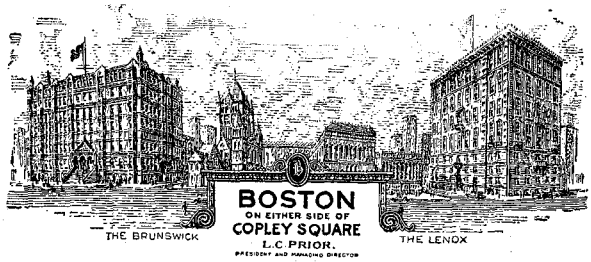
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
Dept. 45, Garden City, New York

Send me postpaid for my inspection a copy of "The Conquest of Fear," by Basil King. I will return it within 5 days or remit $2.00 payment in full.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



Two Boston hotels that have contributed greatly to the traditional distinction of the Back Bay.

The LENOX
Bolyston St. at Exeter

The BRUNSWICK
Boylston St. at Clarendon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANCE

VICHY

5 hours from Paris

Hub of Fashionable Summer Life

Horse Shows — Racing — Golf — Tennis
Magnificent Theatre—Casino—Aerodrome
Miles of beautiful parks and gardens

A Thermal station of ancient and world-wide repute

Luxurious Hotels and Pensions

Charming walks and fine motor excursions into the Auvergne Mountains

Aix-les-Bains

on the famous Route des Alpes, 8 hours from Paris

Hot Springs of Great Curative Value

known since the days of Imperial Rome

Air-Cure Stations at 2,000 ft. and 5,000 ft.

Magnificent Golf Course
Tennis—Racing—Pigeon Shooting

Center of Excursions to the High Alps

Luxurious Casinos—Music Theatre—Horse and Dog Shows
Motoring—Riding—Sailing on Lake Bourget

American Office:

Railways of France
281 Fifth Avenue
at 30th Street
NEW YORK CITY

SCOTLAND'S GRANDEST TOURS—

Wonderful Fiords Nearer than Norway

1. GLASGOW TO OBAN by magnificent swift Saloon Steamer "Columba," viewing the Shipbuilding on the Clyde, passing Dumbarton Castle, and calling en route at the beautiful Clyde watering places of Dunoon and Rothesay, thence by the famous Kyles of Bute, Crinan Canal and Firth of Lorn.

2. OBAN TO STAFFA AND IONA *is the grandest One-day Tour in* the British Isles, visiting Fingal's Cave *in the Isle of Staffa, St. Columba's* Sacred Isle of Iona, with its ancient Cathedral, and the burying place of the Scottish Kings, and passing the ancient Castles of Dunollie, Duart, Ardtornish, Aros, Mingarry, and Gylan, also Tobermore Bay, where lies the Armada specie ship.

3. OBAN TO INVERNESS via beautiful Loch Linnhe and Loch Eil, passing the scenes of the adventures of Alan Breck, the hero of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous novel "Kidnapped," viewing Glencoe, the scene of the great massacre, and calling at the ancient little town of Fort William, sheltering pleasantly at the foot of Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain, through the famous Caledonian Canal, Loch Oich and Lochness, the land of Prince Charlie and his loyal Clansmen.

If these tours are not in your itinerary, your visit to Europe is wasted—tell your Travel Agent to include them, or apply direct to

DAVID MACBRAYNE, LTD.
"The Royal Route" Tours
119 Hope Street, Glasgow, Scotland

WICKER TOURS EUROPE PALESTINE BATTLE FIELDS PASSION PLAY

"Travel Free From Worry"

INCLUSIVE COST—$495 TO $1,285
Write to-day for 1922 itineraries
THE WICKER TOURS, RICHMOND, VA.

In England—

do as England does! Ask for Transportation *via* London & North Western Railway when visiting the Universities, Washington's, Shakespeare's, and Burns's Country; North Wales, The English, Scottish and Irish Lakes.

Travel by the ROYAL WEST COAST ROUTE to Scotland.

The Charm of England

Other attractive literature and full information free on application.

John Fairman, Agent
London & North Western Railway
200c Fifth Avenue, New York

EUROPE

Independent and party travel to Every European Country

Special tours to Norway, Sweden, and the North Cape.

Write for Booklet A-10

BENNETT'S TRAVEL BUREAU
500 Fifth Avenue, New York City

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

---

See SWITZERLAND

The land of unlimited possibilities for the vacationist.

Americans touring Switzerland need no passport visé.

Send for complimentary packet No. 103 containing a wealth of information.

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS
241 Fifth Avenue New York

When You Go To SWITZERLAND by all means include a visit to the fair city of

GENEVA

WITH THE MONT BLANC

The ancient and beautiful University town of Geneva is one of the most attractive and interesting cities on the Continent of Europe. It occupies a delightful position, commanding the loveliest views of lake and mountain—including the whole of the Mont Blanc—and its climate is agreeable at all times of the year.

International Gordon Bennett balloon race August 6th.

For information and literature apply to Official Inquiry Office, 9 Place des Bergues, Geneva, or the Swiss Federal Railroads, 241 Fifth Ave., New York

---

Europe Beckons

THE BEST MODERATE PRICED TOURS
WORTH WHILE TOURS Boston 30, Mass.

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

TRAVEL IN 1922

Our large variety of European Tours for the coming summer surely includes the very one that will meet your travel needs.

Write us at *once*. *Limited parties* enrolling now.

TEMPLE TOURS
65-A Franklin St. Boston, Mass.

AUTO TOURS

ENGLISH UNDERGRADUATE would conduct tours in Europe in his high-class auto, June to September, 3 or 4 persons. Please write early to D. GUNSTON, 9 Saint Barnabas Road, Cambridge, England.

MUSIC LOVERS' PILGRIMAGE

To Europe, June 23 to Sept. 2. Cathedral and orchestral music; operas. Inspirational leadership to the great music centers.

INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURS
65A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

EUROPE — PASSION PLAY
June 22 — 78 Days

Two vacancies in small private party, visiting England, Holland, Rhine, Bavaria, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and France. Moderate cost. Apply at once.

VALLIERE G. DECKER, Mesa, Arizona.

THE
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO

Announces:

The special charter of the Gre
Cunarder—R.M.S.

MAURETANI

the fastest and most luxurio
of ocean steamers for

A WINTER CRUIS

of unprecedented interest

TO THE
MEDITERRANEA

Sailing from New York
February 10th, 1923

Detailed announcements and dec
plans on request. Application
will be given preference in th
order received

Address

AMERICAN EXPRESS C
65 BROADWAY, N. Y.

EUROPE (Eight countries) $
FROM MONTREAL JUNE
England, Holland, the Rhine, Oberamm
(Passion Play), Austria, Italy (includ
Naples), Switzerland, France, Belgiu
MENTOR TOURS 733 Monadnock
CHICAG

Ideal summer tour through **EURO**
Two vacancies in small private
Moderate cost. Send for itinerary.
Tours, 171 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn,

Special English T

to include

Famous Cathedrals
Literary Shrines
Scotch and English Lak

The European Summer Sc

OUR	Scholarly leade
TOURS	Interpretive talk
Have	Interesting rout

For details write

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TR
15 Boyd Street, Newton,

Health Resorts

BYRAM LAKE HEALTH FARM MT
Among beautiful Westchester Hi
One hour from New York. Ideal for r
recuperation. Outdoor sleeping, if d
Tennis, dancing, boating and fishing
eggs and vegetables from own farm.
diets. Medical attention, electric ba
massage. Special rates for season. Ne
office, 131 East 56th St. Plaza 4973.

The Beeches Paris Hill, Me
Home for semi-invali
those needing rest and change of sc
miles from Poland. Same White Mt. s
900 ft. altitude. Children made welcom
arate cottage. Booklet. ANNA SHEPAR

Country Board

Summer Boarders Wanted P
farm
good board and rooms; moderate
Meadow Brook Farm, East Thetfor

Apartments

Attractive apartment, furnis
floor front. Large living-room, bedro
bath. *Fifties near shops and theate*
monthly. Short or long terms. 7,433, C

TO SUBLET—Furnished apar
master's bedrooms, bath, drawin
dining-room, hall, kitchen, maid's roo
room. W. 55th St. near 5th Ave. 7,345, C

AMERICAN EXPRESS TOURS AND CRUISES

EUROPE
THIS SUMMER

Where to go — What to see. Costs — Suggested itineraries. Ask for free book "American Traveler in Europe 1922." Oberammergau, The Passion Play. Write, phone, or call

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travel Department
65 BROADWAY, N. Y.

GOING TO EUROPE?

I want one more in my party. 69 days $865. MINISTER, 480 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn.

---

8 Capitals Tour See Europe comprehensively with experienced university conductor. Passion Play. Geo. B. Watts, 400 Oak St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Coast to Coast and Return
Automobile Tour

65 Day itinerary including every point of Scenic and Historic Interest in the United States, $850
for particulars
J. Raymond Wilson, Inc.
503 Fifth Avenue, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hotels and Resorts

CANADA

OUR LODGE
Digby, Nova Scotia
FURNISHED COTTAGES
olf, tennis, fishing, boating, bathing.
Write for booklet to
AUBREY BROWN, DIGBY

COLORADO

WHEN You Think of a Cool and Comfortable Vacation—Consider ver's largest and best furnished hotel
The Shirley-Savoy
oderate Prices. Centrally located.
Write for desired information.

EUROPE

inburgh Well-known West End Boarding Establishment. Miss Slight
Manor Place

MAINE

ie HOMESTEAD Bailey Island, Maine
hteenth season opens June 19th. Address F. HAZELL, 416 W. 122d St., N. Y. City.

"LE CHALET"
Mount Pisgah French School
othbay Harbor, Me. French life in utiful and restful surroundings. French ken in the house. For particulars address f. Ruérat, 66 Pitman St., Providence, R. I.

AMP ALAMOOSOOK. East Orland, Me. For adults. Boating, fishtramping, tennis. Good food, good beds, l company. Write for booklet. Miss E. M. CK, 8 Baldwin Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

HE HIGH ROCK
unquit, Me. Near bathing beach and woods. Modern improvements. Booklet.

MASSACHUSETTS

HE CHARLESGATE
One of Boston's oldest and best residential hotels, overlooking the Park and Charles River. Cool and comfortable accommodations for tourists.
HERBERT G. SUMMERS, Mgr.
Also operating the
Cliff Hotel
AND COTTAGES
North Scituate Beach, Mass.
25 miles from Boston.
"On the Ocean Front"

APE COD THE PINES
COTUIT, MASS.
ting, bathing excellent. Cottages. Ideal e for summer. Own garden. C. D. Crawford.

OTEL ASPINWALL
LENOX, MASS.
gh and Cool in the Berkshires
A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION
ns June 17. Elevation 1,400 feet.
Golf, Tennis, Saddle Riding, Orchestra
Desirable Cottages with hotel service.
L. A. TWOROGER, Manager
ater Resort, Princess Hotel, Bermuda

ARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Opens e 10th. Private baths. Descriptive book-18th season.

ock Ridge Hall
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS. (Near Boston)
location. Hot and cold running water in ly all bedrooms. Private baths. Sun-room. table a specialty. Terms moderate. Tel.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BEMIS CAMPS
erlooking KIMBALL LAKE
near the White Mountains
place you've always wanted to know it, where you could rest and enjoy your-boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horse-riding, mountain climbing, nights nd the camp-fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Granliden Hotel
Lake Sunapee, N. H.
Catering to a discriminating clientele.
Season June 24th to Sept. 15th or later
SEVERAL HANDSOME COTTAGES FOR RENT BY SEASON
Both housekeeping and non-housekeeping
Golf, tennis, boating, bathing, fishing, aquaplaning, saddle-horses, dancing.
Write for illustrated booklet.
J. THOMAS RUSSELL, Prop.
Hotel Weylin
Madison Ave. at 54th St.
Plaza 3042. New York, N. Y.
Also Hotel Russell, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Hargrave
West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

—While in New York—
For a quiet, comfortable, home-like place in which to stay—
Single rooms, use of bath, $1.50 & $2
Suite, parlor, bedroom and bath, for 2, $4 & $5 daily
Parlor, 2 bedrooms and bath, 4 or 5 persons, $6 & $7 daily
SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR AUTOMOBILE PARTIES
HOTEL CLENDENING
202 WEST 103d STREET
Few steps only from Broadway Subway Sta.

Hotel Webster
(Near 5th Avenue)
40 West 45th Street
NEW YORK
Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.
Rates and map gladly sent upon request.
JOHN P. TOLSON, Prop.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACKS
Interbrook Lodge and Cottages
Keene Valley, N. Y. In pines and spruces, heart of mts., beautiful location, 400-acre farm in connection with house. Send for illustrated booklet. $18 and $20. M. E. LUCK, Prop.

ADIRONDACKS
THE CRATER CLUB
Of the Burnham Cottage Settlement, Essex-on-Lake Champlain, offers to families of refinement at very moderate rates the attractions of a beautiful lake shore in a locality with a remarkable record for healthfulness. The club affords an excellent plain table and accommodation. The boating is safe, there are attractive walks and drives, and the points of interest in the Adirondacks are easily accessible. Ref. required. For information relative to board and lodging address MISS MARGARET FULLER, Club Mgr., 170 E. 72d St., New York.

For particulars regarding cottage rentals write John B. Burnham, 233 B'way, New York.

Sunset Camp
Adirondacks. Write for booklet and reference. Cottages in connection with the camp. R. BENNETT, Prop., Raquette Lake, N. Y.

KEENE VALLEY INN, Keene Valley, N. Y. Altitude 1,200 ft. Mtn. climbing, tennis, fishing. Capacity 150. $18 week up. Illus. booklet. W. W. Black, Prop.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK

FENTON HOUSE Adirondacks 18 Cottages
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

HURRICANE LODGE and Cottages
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.

Comfortable, homelike. Altitude 1,800 feet. Extensive verandas overlooking Keene Valley. Trout fishing. Camping. Swimming pool. Golf links; mile course 9 well-kept greens. Tennis and croquet. Fresh vegetables. Fine dairy. Furnished cottages, all improvements. Separate suites and single rooms. Open from June 10th to October 1st. Address until May 1st K. BELKNAP, 613 Clarendon St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Kew Gardens Inn
KEW GARDENS, LONG ISLAND, N.Y.
18 minutes from Penn Station, New York City. Residential American Plan Hotel.
In the country convenient to all parts of the city. Wonderful for the "kiddies."
Radio Concerts
Golf—Riding—Dancing—Tennis
UNDER KNOTT MANAGEMENT
Geo. H. Wartman, Resident Manager

MOUNT PLEASANT HOUSE
ORIENT, LONG ISLAND
Quiet, Refined, Homelike
Best location on the Island. Famous for good food and cleanliness. Water sports. Tennis. Illustrated booklet. E. J. McDONNELL, Prop.

ROSEMARY FARMS
Monticello, Sullivan Co., N. Y.
FOR REST OR RECREATION
A beautiful and thoroughly modern rest resort offering the advantages of simple, natural living combined with best food, pure air, and quiet. Attractive bungalows for outdoor sleeping. Own farm produce. Rates moderate. Booklet. A. A. ACKLAND, Prop.

HOW would you like to live for 2 or 3 weeks or months, in cottage or hotel, on a strip of land
VIRTUALLY SIX MILES AT SEA?
Where there are congenial neighbors and all of the conveniences of home. Where the breeze seldom stops blowing; where boating, bathing and fishing are daily pastimes and where the cost is reasonable. Do you know that
POINT O' WOODS, L. I.
only 50 miles from New York, is such a place?
Direct inquiries to C. W. NASH, Supt., Point O' Woods, L. I

PENNSYLVANIA

The Crestmont Inn
Eagles Mere, Pa.
The Hotel with the incomparable situation
On the crest of the Alleghanies in the primeval forest, 2,200 feet above the sea. Eighteen holes of wonderful golf; bathing, boating, canoeing, tennis, etc. Beautiful booklet.
WILLIAM WOODS, Manager.

VERMONT

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. The MISSES SARGEANT.

Real Estate

CANADA

FOR SALE
MOOSE DEER BEAR
The best location for a
HUNTING LODGE
in Western Ontario
½ mile sand beach. White pine, balsam, Norway. Excellent springs.
Good fishing. 100 acres if desired.
R. F. SUTTON, Ft. Frances, Ont.

CONNECTICUT

FOR RENT SIX-ROOM COTTAGE
In the Berkshire Foothills
100 miles from New York City. Modern plumbing. Open fireplace. $250, furnished, for season. Dr. E. M. FOOTE, 119 East 40th St., N. Y.

FOR RENT—North Cornwall, Conn. Comfortable 9-room furnished house. Elevation 1,200 ft. Shade trees. Lake ½ mile distant. Healthful for children. 7,379, Outlook.

For Rent, Roxbury, Conn., among beautiful Litchfield Hills, furnished old-fashioned 7-room home of school principal. Three months, $150. References required. R. S. BURNAP.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

Magnificent Country Home
Pleasantly situated on the beautiful Connecticut River, in the town of Portland, on the Boston and New York Airline R.R., 15 miles south of Hartford. In excellent condition, very substantially built. 16 large rooms, electric lights and gas, city water purest and best in the State, and all other conveniences. Wouldn't you like to inspect this very attractive home, which is to be sold at a great bargain? Would be very glad to show this property, also other Real Estate for Sale.
WALTER GILDERSLEEVE, Allyn House, Room 56, Charter 7580 Hartford, Conn.

To Rent—Attractive summer cottage on L. I. Sound. 9 rooms, bath, Golf links. Select colony. Ideal place for children. Convenient railroad connections New York. 7,371, Outlook.

MAINE

FOR RENT — BAR HARBOR
Schooner Head, finest inhabited headland on the Atlantic Coast, less than ten minutes from wharf and post office. The owners desire to rent the estate as a whole to group of friends or connected families. Two large cottages, one medium, two bungalows. Garages, stables, squash court, half-tide swimming pool. All the gayety of Bar Harbor and complete protection from it, both optional.
R. W. HALE, 60 State St., Boston.

On Highland Lake Bridgton, Maine
in foothills of White Mts., among the pines, for rent, $400 for season, attractive furnished summer home, completed in 1920 for owner's exclusive use. For full information address NORMAN H. LIBBY, Bridgton, Maine.

Camden, Me. For rent, fully furnished, several high-class seashore cottages. Best selections now. Photos, plans, and full description. J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

To Rent—Furnished
at
CASTINE, MAINE
An ideal family place for the season.
TWO-STORY HOUSE
of 9 rooms (4 of them chambers) and bath. Located near but not at the water's edge; it is all the more desirable. Has fireplace, covered piazza. Equipped with electric lights, hot and cold water. Should you wish to extend your stay until late in the season, the house is ideal, being fitted with hot-water-heat equipment. The rental price is reasonable. Write for further particulars.
H. W. C., 1159 Little Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Christmas Cove Fully furnished, dry, well-heated cottage, 4 bedrooms, open fire, piano, glass-enclosed porch, rowboat. $250 season. Rev. JOHN H. STRONG, Christmas, Me.

Ogunquit, Me., Cottage for Rent
4 double and 1 single master bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, living-room 23x25, dining-room, pantry, kitchen, laundry. Accommodations for 3 servants. Attractively furnished, every modern convenience. Ideally located, wonderful view of country and water. Garage. 7,377, Outlook.

PEMAQUID, ME.
FOR SALE OR RENT
Finest estate on Maine Coast. Large Colonial house. Ocean view, fine harbor and drives. W. G. TIBBETTS, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

Pemaquid Point or Round Pond, Me.
Furnished Cottages For Rent
Apply H. H. Chamberlain, Round Pond, Me.

Quaint, Artistic Farmhouse
ON ANDROSCOGGIN LAKE
Three acres, modern conveniences, moderate price. Box 19, Wayne, Me.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR RENT, modern bungalow, Ashfield, Mass. Exceptional hilltop view, simple conveniences, 1,700 ft. alti., cultured community, suitable for college professor, artist, school-teacher. $300 for season. Address John Dickinson, 912 Security Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

For rent at Pontoosuc Lake, Berkshires
Near Pittsfield. Beautiful views, restful. Two 5-room cottages, one 8-room. Fireplaces, garage. Rates $140–$180, 2 months. Address "G," 67 Russ St., Hartford, Conn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Real Estate

MASSACHUSETTS

An Attractive Summer Residence in Becket, Mass., in the Berkshire Hills

FOR SALE, with garage for two cars, vegetable garden, apple orchard, flower garden, unexcelled artesian well water. House, Swiss chalet architecture, 11 rooms, 3 bathrooms, screened dining-porch and sleeping-porches. Only a few minutes from village stores and railway station. State road all the way from Pittsfield, Lenox, and Springfield. *Altitude 1,400 ft. Beautiful view of surrounding hills.* For information address E. O. Sutton, 12 Ingraham Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

Berkshire Hills Williamstown. Furnished houses for summer. Farms and estates **for sale.** S. E. TENNEY, Williamstown, Mass.

For Sale

CAPE COD SHORE

nearly ½ mile frontage

East Orleans, Mass.

50 acres on Bay emptying in Atlantic Ocean. House, 14 rooms, 2 bathrooms; recently done over: also 2 other houses. Garage, barn; beautiful view. Good shooting, fishing, boating, and possibilities for golf. Address L. VERNON BRIGGS, 64 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

For Rent, E. Northfield, Mass. For summer conferences, June, July, to August 14th, 6-room cottage, among the pines. Running water, bath. Mrs. H. S. BRUCE, 144 Garfield Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Many Beautiful Cottages for Rent White Mountains, New Hampshire

Address KARL P. ABBOTT, Bethlehem, N. H.

For Rent at

Dublin, N. H.

Two Fully Appointed Houses

Charmingly located at elevation of 1,600 feet on watershed line between Connecticut and Merrimac Rivers, commanding extended views, including Mt. Monadnock. Best of water and modern plumbing. Three hours from Boston; sleeper from New York City to Keene, 13 miles distant. Full details about houses from owner, F. E. FROTHINGHAM, 60 State St., Boston, Mass.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H. *Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate*

PETERBOROUGH, N. H.

Furnished Bungalow, 7 rooms, bath, enclosed piazza, electricity; lovely scenery, fine air; 3 miles from town on hill in Farover Farm. Rent $300 for season, or $100 per month. Apply to M. H. Pierson, 22 Hillyer St., Orange, N. J.

SQUAM LAKE, N.H. For Rent, furnished camp, 8 rooms, 3 sleeping porches, 30 acres pine woods, tennis court and boathouse. *Apply Poole & Seabury, 73 Water St., Boston.*

Wonalancet, N. H. TO RENT Furnished cottage. 8 rooms; bathrooms, open fires; ice, wood. Cool nights; no hay fever. At foot of trails of Sandwich Range. Hotel accessible. $325 for summer. Miss A. Walton, Hotel Ludlow, Boston.

WONALANCET, N. H. WHITE MTS. Cottages for rent, 5, 8 and 10 rooms. Altitude 1,200 ft. 100 miles mt. trails. Arthur T. Walden.

NEW JERSEY

IDEAL OUTING BUNGALOW FOR RENT

On Metedeconk River, near Bayhead; new, furnished 6-room house; 2-car garage; hot and cold water. Address 6,939, Outlook.

Morristown, N. J. Beautiful residence for sale or rent long lease, 10 rooms, elegantly furnished, grounds, June. Reasonable. 7,419, Outlook.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

For Rent for the Summer. Exceptionally fine furnished home in foothills of Adirondacks. Write for particulars and photographs. C. E. Van Ornam, Essex-on-Lake Champlain.

ADIRONDACK COTTAGES

at Keene Valley, N. Y.

FOR RENT. Beautifully located in wood. Very modern, furnished throughout. From $400 to $1,200. W. H. OTIS.

Adirondack Bungalow Camps, furnished

For Gentiles only. 4 to 6 rooms and bath. Running water. $150 to $195 for season. Surrounded by mountains. Fine center for touring. Supplies convenient. Tubercular cases not accepted. ALMON WARD, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y.

For Sale, 6-room cottage in village 1¼ miles Chateaugay Lake. Running water; garden plot; small poultry house. Built 1914, never rented. $1,400. Address Miss Charlotte C. Merrill, R. F. D. 3, Chateaugay, N. Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Shore front camp in the pines, furnished. Sand beach for children. $300 for season. *Photos and floor plans on request.*

C. H. EASTON, 1 Broadway, New York.

Lake George one mile from Huletts. For Rent, full season, 8-room shore cottage. Fully furnished; running water, ice, wood, garden, boats, fireplace, large porch. Restricted community. Mrs. J. F. KEMP, 32 Nassau Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

Eastern Long Island Peconic Bay & Sound Front Properties for sale or rent, summer homes a specialty. Illustrated booklet mailed upon receipt of 25c.

Silkworth Real Estate MATTITUCK, L. I.

At Point O' Woods, L. I.

On Great South Beach

Furnished cottage to rent. Six large cool bedrooms (three with running water), sleeping-porch, broad piazza, view of ocean, bay and woods. June 1 to Sept. 30. $900. C. C. MILLER, 43 Cedar St., N. Y. Tel. John 2454.

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR SALE

Three acres of land with fruit orchard, four-room and bath brick house, furnished with antique furniture; also attractively furnished studio and garage. Three minutes from the lake. Beautiful private location. Cash, $4,800. Nine miles from Stroudsburg and Delaware Water Gap. *Apply to E. G. DORSHIMER,* Postmaster, Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

FOR SALE Well-built summer cottage (6 rooms) on small lake in northeastern Pennsylvania, 160 miles from N. Y., 5 miles from Liberty Highway, near R.R. station. Living-room 18x24, piazza 12x36. Sleeping-porch. Spring water. Furnished. 2 boats. Price $2,100. L. B. BROWN, 184 Joralemon St., Bklyn., N. Y. Triangle 4842.

BOARD AND ROOMS

NEW York City—Professional women and ladies visiting the city July 4 to Aug. 16. Transient or permanent. Address Secretary, 17 East 86th St.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome income; home cooked food, catering, tea room, etc. Correspondence course. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

ROOMS TO RENT

84—Near park. Clean, bright. References. Couple $15. Schuyler 2661.

TWO large, furnished rooms, bath, to sublet June to October, 1922. Apply St. Hubert Hotel, 120 West 57th St., Apartment 61.

BEAUTIFUL front suite for gentleman—living-room and bedroom. 54 Morningside Drive, corner 116th St., Apartment 51. Quiet, comfortable, near restaurants and subway. References.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

FOR $1 postpaid. 200 sheets bond notepaper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address. Good paper and first-class work. Samples stamp. M. C. Harp, Lansingburg, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIETITIANS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Fridays 11 to 1. Address Providence.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Experienced headworker for well established settlement occupying strategic educational position in large Eastern city. Open September 1. 1,469, Outlook.

GOVERNMENT needs railway mail clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, B-4, Columbus, O.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Competent woman to cook and serve meals for party in Adirondack camp. Would take mother with daughter old enough to help her. July to October. Write to Mrs. H. C. Geyer, Englewood, N. J.

UPSTAIRS maid and waitress. Private home. Mrs. W. O. Badger, 99 Argyle Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED—Mother's helper. Desirable permanent position for capable young woman. Suburban home near Reading. State salary. Mohican Lodge, Sinking Spring, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

MEDICAL student, University of Pennsylvania, desires position as camp physician. References. 1,500, Outlook.

RESIDENT nurse. Miss Spence's School would relieve other nurses for vacations during summer. Free June 1. 1,538, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED, by young man, position in summer camp. Expenses only. Six years' experience. Second class Scout. Can tutor Latin, algebra. Box 46, Pawtucket, R. I.

EXPERIENCED physical educator and social worker, available June 1 for church, institutional, community, club, or social welfare work. 1,514, Outlook.

SECRETARY, stenographer. Educated, experienced woman wants position school, institution, hotel, professional person, where home is included. 1,523, Outlook.

LADY of large experience and established character, who has qualifications which would enable her to undertake a business or personal mission to any part of the world, would like an engagement requiring tact, judgment, and confidential treatment. Personal interview. Reference. 1,540, Outlook.

MASSEUSE-SECRETARY. Swedish graduate, linguist, secretarial training, experienced traveler, seeks engagement. 1,547, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TEACHER, woman of refinement, acquainted with art and architecture, would go abroad as guide or companion for summer. References exchanged. 1,413, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, teacher, desires home with family during July and August at summer resort, to help with children. 1,468, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, college graduate, desires travel abroad with family as companion or tutor. References exchanged. 1,517, Outlook.

WOMAN having thirty years' experience in household matters wishes position as housekeeper in family where maids are kept or assistant housekeeper in institution. 1,513, Outlook.

WANTED by American Protestant widow, refined, educated, managing housekeeper private home where maid is employed. 1,515, Outlook.

COMPANION. French woman, highest American references. Willing to travel or tutor. 1,518, Outlook.

REFINED, educated, French young woman would act as companion here or abroad. Nice home and surroundings more essential than salary. 1,520, Outlook.

NURSE, 5 years' private and institutional experience, position for summer, companion or camp work preferred. College training, experienced traveler, young, no ties. References. 1,522, Outlook.

YOUNG man, college graduate and high school teacher, available June 26 as traveling companion for boys. 1,527, Outlook.

YOUNG, refined lady (Holland), Protestant, speaking French, German, English, and Italian, secretarial training, wishes position as companion to lady. 1,525, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, English, German, sunny disposition, useful companion, excellent traveler, desires position. Couple or gentleman. Quality references. 1,528, Outlook.

DRIVING for private family during summer by young man in college. Six years' experience. References. 1,508, Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper or companion. Willing to travel, devoted to children. Capable of taking entire responsibility of servants, etc. Exceptional references. Miss MacCulley, 3940 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TEACHER, college woman, good personality, summer work; travel, companion. References. M. S. Thomas, 321 Rye Beach Ave., Rye, N. Y.

TEACHER making second trip to California end of June will act as chaperon or companion. 1,510, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl desires position as companion and tutor summer months. Refined surroundings considered above salary. 1,512, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN with experience desires position as assistant to mother with care of children over two. 1,536, Outlook.

LADY as practical nurse and companion; willing to travel. 1,534, Outlook.

TO supervise or manage household, preferably out of town. 1,535, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpe

COMPANION or chaperon. Cultured, c cated young woman, musician. Excell references. Address 1,531, Outlook.

POSITION desired for September—Coll or school management. Training: Teach College, Columbia University. Experien manager halls, dining hall, in colleges schools. 1,511, Outlook.

TWO young women, experienced teach desire employment together for summ Would travel with family, do vacation sch work, or care for home in absence of fam 1,541, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as household assist or governess. Address 1,477, Outlook.

POSITION as companion for summe well qualified. References exchanged. 1, Outlook.

TWO refined women desire positions chambermaids in first-class summer res Languages. 1,543, Outlook.

WANTED, by young woman college gr uate, summer position as companion-tuto *one or more girls in their teens; prefera* seashore or mountains. Address E. T. Box 182, Eldora, Iowa.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER of industrial work, wide exp ence, capable, *desires position in school* institution by September or before. 1, Outlook.

GRADUATE student, in school forenc at Columbia, trained in kindergarten primary education, desires tutoring or c of one or more children during summer ginning July 10. 1,552, Outlook.

TEACHER desires position for summe tutor or companion. Elementary Engl French. 1,331, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl preparing to teach wa summer position as tutor. Address Box Wells College, Aurora, New York.

COLLEGE senior, experienced with c dren, desires position as nursery govern for the summer months. 1,410, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED native French wom college trained, wishes to make engagem for coming year in college preparatory sch Would give interview. 1,423, Outlook.

INSTRUCTOR wants position in priv school for next year. Can handle athlet experienced. References. No reasonable o rejected. Address 1,479, Outlook.

YOUNG college woman with several ye experience in teaching college entrance w to tutor in family or travel. Speaks Fre and German fluently. 1,516, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher, experienced with di ing and needlework, wants work in schoo *camp.* 1,519, *Outlook.*

ENGLISHWOMAN wishes position summer vacation. Good music and Fren Highest references. 1,506, Outlook.

WANTED, position of trust—govern mother's helper. American. Successful *delicate children. Personal reference,* c 1,544, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—Experienced teacher wis position for summer. Handwork, phys education specialty. References exchang 1,545, Outlook.

HIGH school teacher desires position, J August, as councilor (girls), companion, tutor. French, history. 1,539, Outlook.

CLASSICAL teacher, gentleman, 34 yea age, 10 years' teaching, 7 as professor of L in Western State university, master's deg Michigan University, Ph.D. work ne completed, desires Latin or Greek positio Eastern or Middle West college. Best of erences. 1,421, Outlook.

YOUNG man, student in Eastern colle desires position as tutor during summ 1,435, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Defective people to board. dress W., Pawling, N. Y.

TO young women desiring training in care of obstetrical patients a very thoro nurses' aid course of six months is offered the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., N York. Monthly allowance and full mai nance is furnished. For further informat address Directress of Nurses.

PROFESSIONAL NURSE with good ho in Ohio college town will care for one or m young children during summer. $25 per w 1,394, Outlook.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, shop for you, services free. No samp References. 309 West 99th St.

REFINED home school for slightly tarded children, age 7—15 years. Limi number. 70 Prospect St., Portchester, N Tel. 1556 M.

FOR sale. "Nouveau Larousse Illustre vols., $40; "The *Historians' History of* World," 25 vols., $20; 40 ft. of hand-ca open bookcases, Italian walnut, $800; Dun Phyfe table, antique hall chairs, mirror, e at great sacrifice. Mrs. R. A. Lawrence West 68th St., New York City.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS send to-day Free copy America's leading magazine writers of photoplays, stories, poems, so Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, Butler Building, Cincinnati.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell Outlook each week. No investment necess Write for selling plan, Carrier Departm The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth A New York City.

SUMMER cottage camp for little gi Unusually safe. Delightful. Terms mode Highest references. 1,551, Outlook.

COPYING done, stories prepared for pu 1,549, Outlook.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY THE WAY

CHILDREN get fewer hours for sleep under the operation of the English Summer Time Act—a law similar to our daylight saving laws—according to a report of the British Board of Education, but "this is not the fault of the Act, but the fault of the fathers and mothers who allow their children to stay up till sunset. . . . In a well-regulated household parents fix an hour for the young people's going to bed and enforce it rigorously. It has become of increased importance that children be sent to bed by the clock and not by the sun." But English children, like those of America, probably strongly object to going to bed while it is still broad daylight.

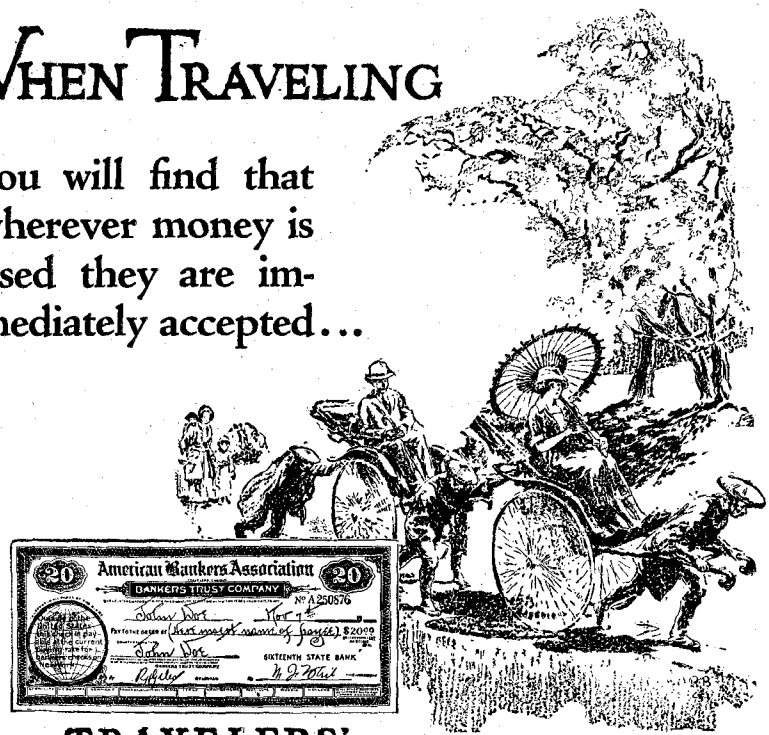
It is to be hoped, however, that few of the British children above mentioned have yet assumed the airs of a young girl described by a New York City school principal in an article in the Evening Post." He says: "I felt rather queer when I saw a fifteen-year-old girl taking her black coffee and cigarette with the family and the guests and giving a stately gray-haired gentleman her opinion about the modern girl and the new dances. I thought she might better have been in her own room minus coffee and cigarette and the opportunity to instruct her elders. There is always some way to protect children and save them from themselves if one takes the trouble to think about it."

"I one day rode into the village of Selameh, which stands off the Nazareth road, on the plain of Esdraelon," says a writer in the London "Country Life." "I saw a boy making coffee. In a light pan over an open fire he roasted the berries, taking them out only when they were done almost to the point of being burnt. He poured them into a carved wooden mortar and pounded them with a pestle, beating time with the latter to a song. He then put on the fire a copper pot of water and let it boil, then took the pot off and put in the coffee; the pot was then returned to the fire till there was such a fuss and ferment that it had again to be taken off. This was done three times, and by the end of it the water had got to the very vitals of the coffee. It was drunk without sugar for what need had it of sugar? A cup of this coffee allays the nerves, clarifies the brain, and sweetens the temper."

News photographers perform many daring feats in the pursuit of their profession, but they are seldom recorded as walking almost literally into the lion's mouth. Colonel J. C. B. Statham, in "Through Angola," tells of a lion hunt in which the lion, badly wounded, fled into the bush. The hunters, among them a photographer, followed the bloody trail. "The photographer spotted the lion's head, looking out of a bush, and, appealing to the others not to spoil a good chance for a dramatic photograph, quietly walked towards the lion. The

WHEN TRAVELING

...you will find that wherever money is used they are immediately accepted...



TRAVELERS'
A·B·A American Bankers Association Cheques

Ask for them at your bank
or
write for particulars to
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, New York City

To Summer Resort Proprietors

The Outlook will devote a special section in its spring and early summer issues to advertising of summer resorts, tours and travel. This will appear every week during May, June, and July. The issue of May 24 will be the Annual Out-of-Doors Number containing articles on vacation subjects and illustrations especially selected. The corresponding issue of 1921 carried 198 advertisements of hotels and resorts.

Write us early and we will be glad to give you copy suggestions

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Dr. Esenwein

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism, Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*, 13 volumes; descriptive booklet free. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, the leading magazine for literary workers; sample copy 25 cents, annual subscription $3.00. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 58, Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

GIRLS' CAMPS

CAMP WEETAMOO
LAKE PLEASANT, NEW LONDON, N. H.
SEVENTH SEASON
For booket address
MISS FLORENCE E. GRISWOLD, 313 Hope St., Providence, R. I.

BOYS' CAMPS

CAMP ONAWAY, CAPE COD, MASS.
Where your boy can have a royal time under personal direction of trusted councilors. Swimming, fishing, hiking—all outdoor sports. Well cooked food. Ownership-supervision. Camp limit 20, ages 10 to 14. July-August $250. Booklet.
W. F. McALLISTER, Merchantville, N. J.

Camp Rockwood
A Camp for Boys
CASCO, MAINE
A select camp for select boys. Limited numbers. All sports. Good food. Modern equipment. Reasonable rates. No extras. For circular write
C. G. WILLIAMSON, 442 S. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

BOYS' CAMPS

HF BAR RANCH
Camping and Horseback Trip for Boys Through the Big Horns
A group, well-equipped and limited to twenty boys in charge of a headmaster and geologist, will take a 60-day camping and trail trip through the picturesque Big Horn Mountains, starting about July 1. Work and study designed to build character and self-reliance, bring out initiative and interest in outdoor life. References as to health and character required. Address
FRANK O. HORTON - Buffalo, Wyo.

Pole Bridge Camp *Matamoras, Pike Co., Pa.* A wonderful camp on a mtn. top in the Water Gap region overlooking the Delaware, only 90 miles from N.Y. Modern equipment. Hiking, swimming, all sports supervised. For 25 boys, 8 to 14 yrs. Booklet. Rev. WM. E. PALMER, 75 Yale Sta., New Haven, Conn.

DEER HILL—SUMMER SCHOOL
Located on Storm King
Private tutoring for boys, college entrance specialized, also for advanced class standing. Tennis, golf, country surroundings, home garden. 12 years' experience. For circular address JOHN C. CLARK, Stone School, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

CAMPS

Rocky Pond Camp
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
A delightful camp for men and women. Bring the children, too. On lake, four miles from Lake George. *Unspoiled woods, informal life, swimming, canoeing, hiking.* Comfortable floored tents. A few cabins. Special attention to the table. Abundant fresh food. *Season, July 1 to September 2, 1922.*
Dr. MARTHA TRACY, Director, 1720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
After June 17, Clemons, N. Y.

Bungalow Camp, Seal Cove, Mount Desert, Me.
Individual treatment given to a small group of children and adolescents who have had difficulties of adjustment in their environment. The location of the camp on Mt. Desert has the advantage of swimming, boating, mountain climbing, tennis and golf. Special tutoring is given when necessary.
EDITH R. SPAULDING, M.D., 418 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools
Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR NURSES

St. John's Riverside Hospital Training School for Nurses
YONKERS, NEW YORK
Registered in New York State, offers a 2½ years' course—as general training to refined, educated women. Requirements one year high school or its equivalent. Apply to the Directress of Nurses, Yonkers, New York.

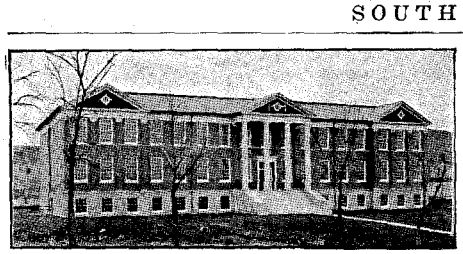
SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

NORTH CAROLINA

BINGHAM SCHOOL MEBANE, N.C.
ESTABLISHED 1793
AN IDEAL BOYS SCHOOL IN PIEDMONT NORTH CAROLINA

Here, at Bingham, the spirit of old-time Southern hospitality makes each boy feel genuinely welcome. High moral tone. Military organization, begun in 1861. Lovely lawns. Gymnasium. Athletic park. Honor System. Bible emphasized. Celebrated climate. Outdoor classes. Limited numbers. Sport in variety. 340 acres. Summer camp. A modern school with an ancient name, fame and history. Send for catalogue.
Col. PRESTON LEWIS GRAY, President, Box 3, MEBANE, N. C.

SOUTH DAKOTA



SOUTH DAKOTA STATE SCHOOL OF MINES
A State institution in a mountainous country (the beautiful Black Hills) with unsurpassed field facilities. Degrees granted in mining, metallurgical, chemical, civil and electrical engineering. Experienced teachers and excellent laboratory and library equipment. Much attention is given the individual student. Graduates hold responsible and remunerative positions. Tuition and fees particularly low.
For catalog and book of views address
The State School of Mines, Box O, Rapid City, S. D.

BY THE WAY
(Continued)

latter, possibly from astonishment, a more probably because, happily for t photographer, he was nearly dead, a lowed the man to approach within few yards of him. Then he roared an charged. The photographer fled, fo lowed by the lion; both fell, exhaust and close to each other. One of t hunters fired and killed the lion." An the photographer, in his justifiable e citement, apparently failed to press t button!

Another sporting story comes fro Santa Catalina Island and appears i the "Catalina Islander." It tells of a angler who caught two tuna fish on th same line and at the same time. Th first tuna, weighing 103½ pounds, wa hauled in with a "half hitch" of the li around its upper jaw. The fisherma put his rod down to assist the boatma in getting his fish aboard, and on pr ceeding to pull in the remainder of hi line found he had another fish on hi hook! The fight for the two fish, th second of which weighed 98 pound lasted three-quarters of an hour. Th feat is characterized by an eye-witnes with pardonable enthusiasm as "u doubtedly the most unique in all anglin records."

Here is an epitaph "with a differenc —from the "Ohio Sun Dial:"

> Here lie the bones of Ed McGee—
> A wiz at snappy repartee.
> The butt of Eddie's sharpest quip
> Packed a six-gun on his hip!

Apropos of the above, but in m serious vein, the following advertis ment is quoted as having lately a peared in bold type in a Chicago pape

> I will pay $1,000 to any one who will give one good reason why the revolver manufacturing industry should be allowed to exist in America and enjoy the facilities of the mails.

There is a brief article on this subje which we venture to call to the atte tion of the man who makes this gen ous offer. Part of the article rea "The right of the people to keep an bear arms shall not be infringed." Th check for $1,000 should be made payab to "The Outlook Company."

Bohemian glassware has long bee noted for its artistic quality, and it now, a Vienna paper called "Reconstru tion" reports, to be treated by a proce that will make it practically unbrea able. "The Kavalier glass works Bohemia have been successful," the r port says, "in producing glass which absolutely unbreakable and extremel difficult to cut, even with a diamond o any other carborundum stone. It can b thrown on a stone floor from a height from three to four meters, and used a a hammer for driving nails without su fering the least damage. Neither is affected by sudden changes of temper ture." The glass is manufactured fro a special kind of sand which is foun as yet only in limited quantities.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED